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The Digest

EVIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating The Literary Digest

SEPT. 11, 1937

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He Reads The Digest EVERY WEEK

HENRY J. ALLEN
Former Governor
of Kansas
(UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD)

The Topeka State Journal
HENRY J. ALLEN

August 12, 1937

Mr. Albert Shaw
The Digest
233 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mr. Shaw:

I have been reading carefully every issue of THE DIGEST since the initial number. I wanted to tell you how admirable I think the new magazine is.

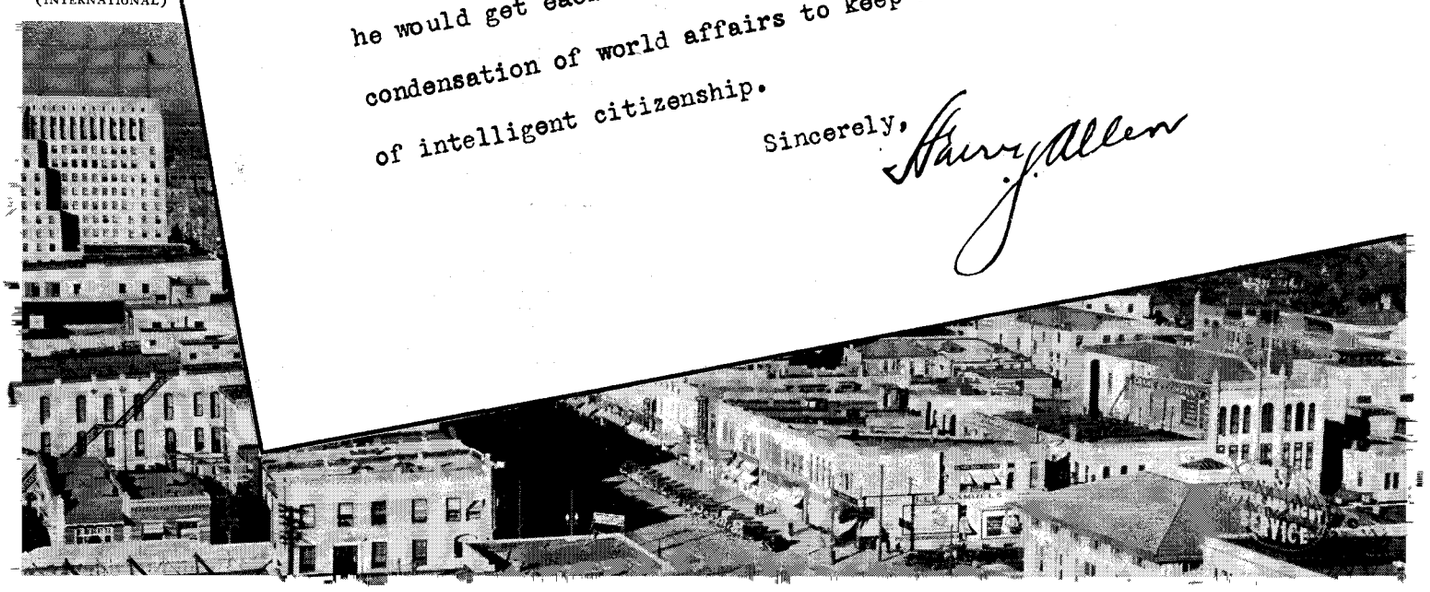
It seems to me you have done a perfect job in balancing the material and making it both useful and attractive to busy people who want a condensed weekly review.

I feel sure that if a man read no other publication, he would get each week from your new magazine a sufficient condensation of world affairs to keep him in the category of intelligent citizenship.

Sincerely,

Harry J. Allen

TOPEKA'S business district
(INTERNATIONAL)



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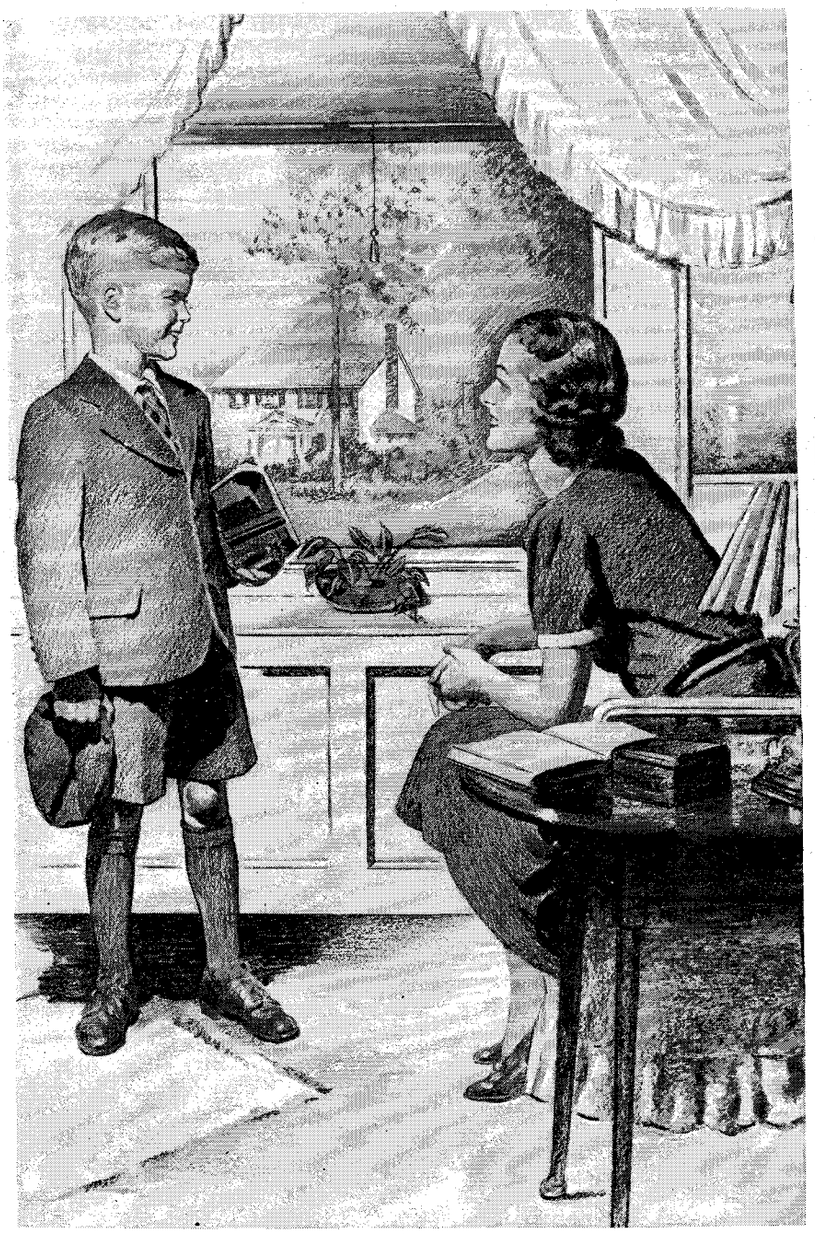

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Self-preservation

Chicago, Ill.—Much of the real truth about what has happened in Russia in recent years cannot be told because of the rigid censorship maintained and the misleading information and propaganda sent out. If the whole truth were known, probably much of it would be unprintable. Only recently Lady Astor said: "I cannot understand all this talk about horrors in Germany while nothing is said about Russia."

Nobody who pretends to be even fairly well informed should be fooled regarding that "Worker's Paradise" and the enslavement of its people. They don't know the meaning of the word liberty of which we still enjoy a fair measure. And conditions here would be infinitely better if we had never admitted within our gates, or could get rid of many so-called Friends of the Soviet Union and other sympathizers with that "noble experiment."

At a public forum on Russia held here sometime ago one of the speakers thus clearly and laconically expressed himself about the S. U.: "The Soviet Union will be satisfied with nothing less than the destruction of all capitalistic governments and the banishment from the world of God and religion."

While professing sentiments of peace and a "good neighbor" policy, the S. U. is building up the biggest war machine the world has ever seen; in the past ten years many more Russians have been "liquidated" or sent to Siberia or to some other place of exile or hard labor than in the last hundred years of the Czarist regime.

Self preservation should be the first law of nations as well as of individuals and coddling a lot of radical agitators in the U. S. or temporizing with those who would be executed in other countries which they pretend to admire for saying what they express boldly here is about as safe as trying to play with a rattlesnake or a mad dog.—*Henry Varrston*

Streamlined treats

Wakita, Okla.—I certainly enjoy your new streamlined magazine.

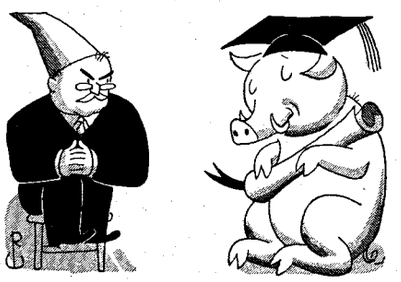
You have combined in one magazine most of the features I look for at the newsstand and have found heretofore only after reading through a number of magazines. Specifically "The Story of the Week," "Pro and Con," and "Reading Around the World" seem to be tailor-made for my interests.

And this parade of treats jumps out to meet me, not once a month, but every week. You are to be praised for the art makeup, too, and the cosmopolitan nature of your selections. These features, arranged in accordance with the finest literary and editorial taste, should make a wonderful magazine.—*Rev. Alwyn K. Fleming*

Hogs are easy

Tampico, Ill.—In a recent letter in THE DIGEST, E. I. Jackson compares the intelligence of a really above-the-average American citizen with that of a boar hog.

Mr. Jackson speaks of truth; then he goes on to say this administration inherited a $19,487,000,000 debt from the



previous administration. Did not Wilson's and other administrations have a hand in the size of this debt?

For all administrations in the history of the United States $19,487,000,000 compares great with the $16,935,000,000 for this spending administration, does it not? And still in this time of great prosperity ends won't meet. More real good should have been accomplished with $5,000,000,000.—*F. F. Ackeberg*

Education's problem

Schenectady, N. Y.—The arguments against the birth control movements, as set forth in "Pro and Con," August 14, challenge a few comments.

I do not pretend to understand the present legal status of the movement, nor do I understand just what is the present point of issue. To me the most significant fact of all is that contraception, in some form or other, is and has for many years been practised by right-minded people in the natural adjustment of the economic and emotional factors of married life, regardless of any law. Since this is the case, I fail to see any reason why there should be any legal opposition to the furtherance of sound scientific advice on the subject.

By their remarks as set forth here, if the opposition is unable to give better reasons against the movement, it would do well to withdraw. The arguments of Mr. Foerster, Mr. Day, and Mr. Ryan are not arguments against birth control; they are indictments against the ability of the agencies for social, scientific and religious education to teach the people sound, wholesome will power and self-control. If fear of conception is the only power that is capable of holding in check a tendency for men and women to allow sexual passion to rule their lives, then there is something radically wrong with education.—*Henry H. Gavit*

Brains for marriage

Everett, Mass.—What this country needs is not easier divorces but more gray matter in married relations, for the situation here is already a disgrace and a scandal. To take this sacred wedding vow, "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, *until death do us part,*" and then to hie to a divorce court, oftentimes for some petty reason, denotes, if nothing else, the height of absurdity in human logic and behavior. These actions also imply, particularly in the case of the habitual divorce-seeker, an unbalanced mentality and a childish emotionalism.

Yet the marriage failure is more to be pitied than censured. Just as the person who is ill requires the care of a learned physician familiar with the art of treating bodily diseases, so does the maladjusted husband or wife require the services of a professional psychiatrist skilled in mental disorders, rather than the advice of a lawyer or the judgment of a court.—*Joseph J. Stanina*

Children's burden

Conway, Ark.—I read your Pro and Con on the national debt and when I read those sob Pros, "how grateful we should be," I want to say that I am not grateful, but resentful, that anyone take advantage of me and place a fifty million dollar debt on the backs of my children. What do they think I work for? Just to feed a selfish stomach?

Other depressions in this land have been conquered in a normal way without mortgaging our future for generations, and this one will be conquered in spite of this wild spree.

I hope these sob writers get some more for nothing before it is all gone—but my consolation is that I know it will do them no permanent good.—*R. W. Sibley*

Technocracy again

Tacoma, Wash.—Why not have your writer on economics enlarge upon the recent press announcement that the President is worrying over the great increase in labor-saving inventions and their unfavorable effect on employment?

A blind man could have foreseen that the unreasonable demands and high-handed strikes of labor unions, with the approval of the administration, would stimulate invention.—*W. H. Wilcox*

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The Digest

Review of Reviews incorporating The Literary Digest

ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

SEPTEMBER 11, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 9

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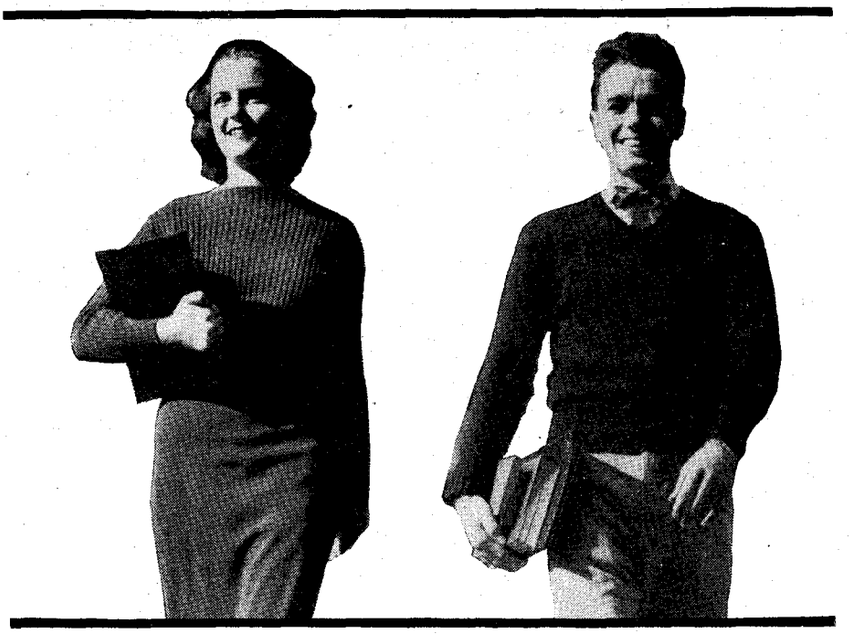

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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

SOMEBODY stole the shaft made of coal which citizens of Linton, Indiana, had erected to mark the "crossroads of America," the country's exact center of population.

Which is as it should be; a coal shaft symbolizes Linton, a mining center, but not the United States. Now Linton can create a nationally representative symbol, which probably should be a collection rather than a single object. For example: a sliver of Oregon pine, a sliver of Charlie McCarthy, the head of a Texas longhorn, a popsicle, a model of the Empire State Building, a hair from John Lewis's eyebrows, Joe DiMaggio's pet bat, a hot dog, the robe of a Supreme Court Justice, an ear of Iowa corn, a screeno card, a package of chewing gum in cellophane, a chip of granite from Vermont, a quahaug, a copy of *Gone With the Wind*, a photograph of the Roosevelt smile, a chocolate malted, a Middle Westerner with the accent, a bottle of Maryland rye, a tray from a drive-in restaurant, a home-size air-conditioning unit and the other things you, too, have been thinking of.

The whole collection probably should be packed for exhibition in a trailer that has been attached, let us say to a sixteen-cylinder coupé.

Mr. Brugh abroad

BUT ALL THINGS distinctively American are not exclusively American, by a long shot. That distinctively American product, Spangler A. Brugh, of Filley, Nebraska, seems as popular among the women of England as among those of the United States. Superior Britons may have arched their eyebrows when Mr. Brugh sailed for England the other day and the New York *World-Telegram* reported: "His sailing occasioned the most frenzied demonstration since Rudolph Valentino's funeral. At least a dozen women fainted on the decks of the Berengaria." But the elevated eyebrows dropped with a plop when Mr. Brugh reached London and, the Associated Press revealed, "was greeted at Waterloo Station by 3,000 screaming movie fans who almost mobbed him. . . . Women fainted in the crowd at the station." Mr. Brugh's movie name is Robert Taylor.

Term of reproach

ECONOMIC royalists and princes of privilege who sit in well-stocked clubs reading Lord Macaulay do not see the need of another piece of verbal ammunition for champions of our ill-clothed, ill-fed, ill-housed third to hurl at their class, numerous but select. But need or no need, the verbal bomb was supplied last week at the Institute of Human Relations in Williamstown, Massachusetts. It is "plutogogue," its inventor is T. W. Smith, professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago and member of the Illinois Legislature, and the definition is: a person who speaks for the wealthy when they cannot speak big for themselves. "Not Allah, he is Allah's public relations counsel." A handy word, mean-sounding and easy to remember, it promises to be much used for the extermination of scoundrels whose views on any question are a bit more conservative than one's own.

SOIBELMAN

DEATH COMES for Andrew W. Mellon, cabinet member under three administrations, financier, and friend of Amelia Earhart, recently lost in the Pacific

Monument to Mellon

GREAT financiers are often remembered solely in terms of fabulous estates and breath-taking inheritance taxes. But long after Americans have forgotten the several hundred millions Andrew W. Mellon willed to education and charity, they will be composing rapturous descriptions of a Mellon monument planned during his own lifetime, too priceless to be evaluated in dollars and cents.

Just before last Christmas the man who was Secretary of the Treasury under Harding, Coolidge and Hoover wrote to President Roosevelt: "Over a period of many years I have been acquiring important and rare paintings and sculpture with the idea that ultimately they would become the property of the people of the United States and be made available to them in a national art gallery to be maintained in the city of Washington."

Last March Congress adopted a resolution accepting Andrew Mellon's $35,000,000 worth of paintings, a gallery to house them, and an endowment fund of $5,000,000 to supplement them with others. By last week excavation work had been completed for the National Gallery of Art designed by John Russell Pope, who died suddenly, a bare twenty-four hours after Mellon. Rising on Washington's famous Mall, near the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, the building will cost about $10,000,000. In January, 1940, guards will throw open the doors of its columned porticos to the 2,000,000-odd sightseers who traipse through the capital city every year.

Those who visit the National

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DIGEST PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

NINE DOLLARS for a one-dollar straw hat! Ramon Arechabela, methodical New Yorker, records money spent in tips to recover his month-old hat from hat check girls

Art Gallery will find a collection which, although comparatively small, ranks in quality and balance with Europe's finest. Six years ago Mellon agents paid $6,654,000 to Russia for nineteen masterpieces in the Hermitage Museum of Leningrad. Among them were Botticelli's "Adoration of the Magi," Raphael's "Madonna of the House of Alba," Jan Van Eyck's "The Annunciation," and Titian's "The Toilet of Venus." With this acquisition, the financier climaxed a job of collecting that began in 1882 when he shocked his Pittsburgh friends by returning home from abroad with a painting that cost a thousand dollars.

To posterity a remarkable feature of Andrew Mellon's Christmas present will be its anonymity. The letter to President Roosevelt which accompanied the gift remarked: "I shall stipulate that the proposed building shall not bear my name."

The political situation

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT "has slipped plenty" in popularity and "is just as strong as he ever was," according to a two-part survey of public opinion, the first part by Republican Chairman Hamilton, the second part by Democratic Chairman Farley.

A cross-section of other political views of the moment reveals many additional facts exactly as interesting and enlightening. Because the Democratic party retains public confidence, in the opinion of Alben Barkley, Democratic leader in the Senate—though the Republicans are sure to make election gains hereafter, according to a number of Republican State Chairmen—there seems to be relatively little said about the next Republican candidate for President. It is revealed simply that he will be a middle-of-the-roader like Senator Vandenberg of Michigan and, as former Secretary of War Hurley suggests, a conservative like young Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts. Before he is nominated, the Republican party will be committed to conservative principles in an early convention called by ex-President Hoover and to liberal principles in one called by Senator Borah.

Rather more is known about the next Democratic candidate. He will be, or be dominated by, John L. Lewis of the C.I.O., who, however, will bolt the Democrats and launch a farmer-labor third party, as William Green of the A.F. of L. predicts. The Democratic candidate will not be a radical—Senator King of Utah feels sure of that—but probably a staunch conservative like Byrd of Virginia, Clark of Missouri or Bailey of North Carolina. Hence the nomination for President is expected to go to a loyal New Dealer like Governor Earle of Pennsylvania or, more likely, Paul V. McNutt, American High Commissioner to the Philippines, in harmony with the prophecy of Senator Minton of Indiana. President Roosevelt, it can be stated with finality, does not want to run for office again, as his mother, Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, points out, but, as Senator Burke of Nebraska says, the President is an active candidate for a third term.

This quick summary of the political situation is offered in the belief that readers want to be brought up to date.

Auto workers meet

WHEN John L. Lewis wants to show what can be done in the way of rapid, efficient, and high-pressure unionization, he points to the auto industry. In May, 1936, the United Automobile Workers' International Union, a fledgling organization mothered with some misgivings by the A. F. of L., held its first convention. The union had a treasury of $28,500, a membership of about 30,000. These were piddling figures for a booming industry that normally employs 550,000 men.

They did not remain piddling for long. The union changed its name to United Automobile Workers of America, fell under the spell of C.I.O. orators, and elected Homer Martin, an admirer of John L. Lewis, president. In August, the U.A.W. left the A.F. of L., joined the C.I.O., and began talking industrial unionism all along the Detroit assembly lines.

Late in December Homer Martin launched a strike against General Motors, using the sit-down as his most effective weapon. After six weeks, the kingpin of the motor industry toppled into Martin's lap. Chrysler fell next, then Hudson, Reo, and Packard. Ford held out but had to do some fast talking before the National Labor Relations Board to explain the mauling of union organizers by company employees outside the River Rouge plant on May 26.

Last week at Milwaukee the United Automobile Workers of America closed its second convention, after tracing the year's progress with a dazzling array of figures. Its treasury held a balance of $428,779 (most of it invested in Government bonds), despite an expenditure of $646,740.81 for the strike wars. Its membership had zoomed to 400,000. Only the Steel Workers and John L. Lewis's own Mine Workers were larger.

Such progress was reason enough for cheering, snake-dancing, and other evidences of good feeling. Yet harmony appeared at the convention belatedly; almost failed to show up, in fact. Factional rivalry was the main order of business. On one side were Martin and Richard T. Frankensteen, the husky Dayton University football star who became the U.A.W.'s ace organizer. On the other side were Wyndham Mortimer and Ed Hall, aggressive first and second vice-presidents of the union.

The Martin, or "progressive," group favored a strongly centralized organization exerting rigid control over local unions and empowered to punish insubordinate activities such as "quickie" strikes. The Mortimer, or "unity," group wanted authority centered in the local unions "so they can handle their daily work effec-

WIDE WORLD

20,000,000 CHINESE SCHOOL GIRLS are being drilled for front-line duty by the Government. Some are already in the thick of the Shanghai fighting

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tively." Such C.I.O. potentates as Lewis, David Dubinsky, Sidney Hillman, and John Brophy had to appear personally before the convention to plead for harmony before differences could be settled.

Intra-union name-calling was of less interest to the public, however, than were the convention's motions and resolutions. It approved a special assessment of one dollar per member to finance the coming assault on Ford. It assailed William Green of the A.F. of L. It reëlected President Homer Martin and raised his salary from $3000 to $5000. With one eye on Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins (who suggested two months ago that "the method appears to be one which should be abandoned") and one eye on Henry Ford, the convention affirmed "the policy of the sit-down strike as a weapon in labor struggle."

Mediation Board at work

WHEN strike-beset industrialists mutter against the National Labor Relations Act, and shake their heads over the future of employer-employee relationships, some optimist always suggests they take a look at the railroad business. Last week was a particularly good time to watch the well-oiled functioning of collective bargaining machinery in the nation's second biggest industry.

In February the "Big Five" railway brotherhoods (Locomotive Engineers, Railway Conductors, Firemen and Enginemen, Trainmen, and Switchmen), representing about 250,000 workers, demanded a 20 per cent wage increase. The sixteen "non-operating" railway unions (some 800,000 clerks, telegraphers, ticket sellers, etc.) asked a flat raise of 20 cents an hour. The operators snorted. Granting such demands would slap a $500,000,000 increase in overhead on a business which was just beginning to round the curve of depression and roar down the main line toward Prosperity. A serious strike loomed ahead.

And at this point the wheels of conciliation began humming. The Railway Labor Act of 1926 created a National Mediation Board empowered to offer its services in any dispute over rates of pay, rules or working conditions. (An amendment to the Act in 1934 established a National Railway Adjustment Board to handle local quarrels over agreements between unions and employers.)

When the Mediation Board enters a dispute, it tries to persuade both parties to compromise on their demands, or, this step failing, to accept the decision of an arbitration committee. If a strike still threatens, the next step is for the President to appoint a fact-finding commission to investigate and make a report within thirty days. Neither union nor operator may act until thirty days after this report has been made, and public opinion has been duly influenced. Then, if the union is still sore and the employer still unconvinced, the strike may proceed.

WIDE WORLD

LEATHERNECKEE NO SPEAKEE CHINEE? Why, brother, step right up and learn! Sergeant Stephen Skoda (center), from his 25 years of Marine Corps experience, readily teaches the XYZ's of Chinese. 1300 marines are Shanghai bound from San Diego

Disputes seldom stretch out to this final point. On August 4, the National Mediation Board announced that strike-minded non-operating unions and Class I railroads (those with an annual operating revenue of $1,000,000 or more) had agreed on a wage increase of five cents an hour. That same day, the Big Five voted to strike if they did not get their boost of 20 per cent.

The operators replied that they had reached the end of their financial rope. The average hourly wage, they declared, was higher than ever before, while operating revenues were one-third smaller than they were at the 1929 peak. "If the railroads are so hard up," snapped these five unions, "why did they just get through granting an average raise of 8½ per cent to three-fourths of the (non-operating) workers in the business?"

So last week another tough labor relations nut monopolized the attention of the patient and sympathetic Mediation Board, and, for the time being, at least, the threat of a strike was sidetracked.

Hungary pays up

WHEN A European nation offers to resume payment on a war debt, Washington reels with astonishment. Little Finland aside, not since 1933 had the United States Treasury received one cent from any of the thirteen nations owing us $22,000,000,000 (half principal, half interest). Now Hungary, least of our debtors, promises that on December 15 she will pay $9,828.16, one-fourth of the amount due on that date, and repeat the same payment semi-annually for three years.

The Hungarian debt, funded at $1,939,000 in 1924, was incurred four years earlier, when the United States Grain Corporation delivered flour to the starving Magyars on credit. When foreign exchange ran short in 1931, Budapest decreed a moratorium. On every payment day since, however, she has religiously deposited in the National Bank of Hungary interest-bearing treasury notes to cover the amounts due. Though technically in default, she continued to show good faith in June by including full service on the debt in her budget.

Next December $200,000,000 will be due in new installments from the thirteen debtors, in addition to $1,350,000,000 arrears. From Finland and Hungary we shall receive about $200,000. From the eleven others, in all probability, we shall receive eleven big round goose eggs.

Gotham ready to vote

THE NATION had an eye cocked on New York City politics last week; not because Americans west of the Hudson River and south of the Holland Tunnel were much concerned about five-cent subway fares, Gotham schools and playgrounds, or the city budget, but because two primary elements in national politics were involved. One was the New Deal. The second was Labor.

Willynilly, the Roosevelt Administration was in Gotham's political scramble up to its ears. Unofficially, the Administration hoped to see Senator Royal S. Copeland, avowed anti-New Dealer, soundly drubbed. Unofficially, the Administration hated to see its liberal ally,

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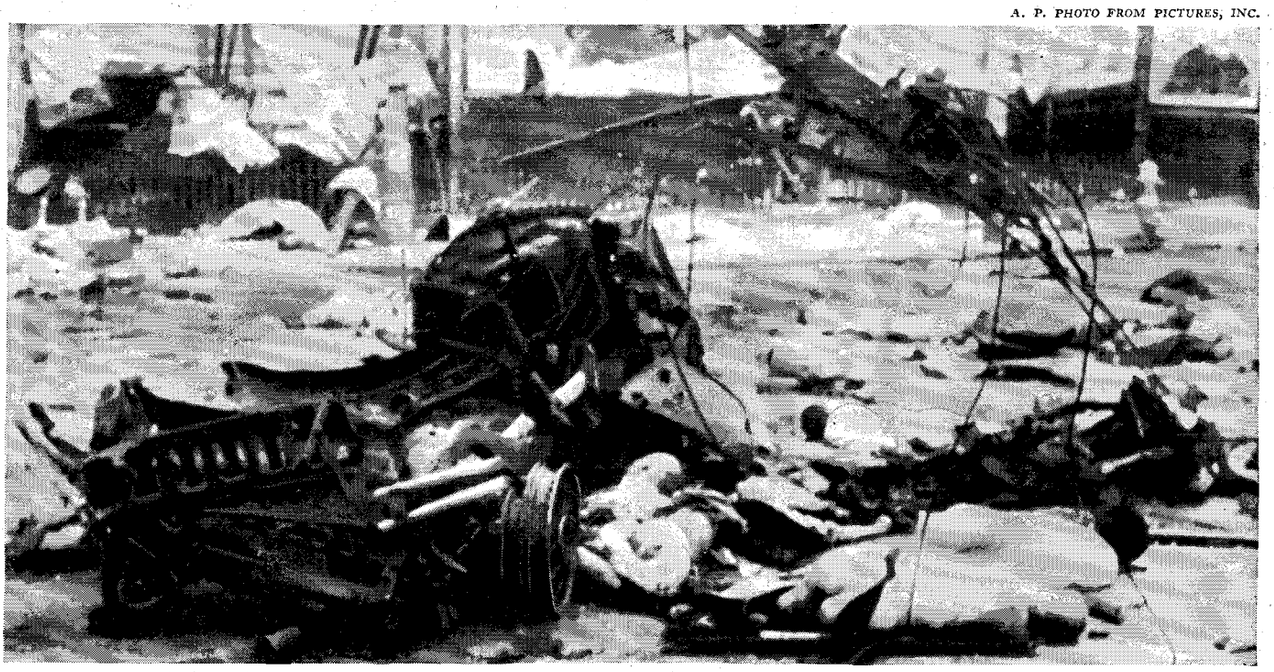

AND SUDDEN DEATH (war style) **obliterated the occupants of this car as it drove through Shanghai's International Settlement. Dismembered bodies lie in all directions**

Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, beaten for reelection. But unofficially, Jeremiah T. Mahoney, anti-Tammany Hall Democratic candidate, was the Administration's choice, and a Mahoney victory would therefore be a New Deal victory.

Thus New York's three-cornered fight was a test of New Deal strength. To an even greater degree, it was a test of Labor's strength. LaGuardia was the out-and-out choice of the overalled. The C.I.O. was for him. So was the A.F. of L. The American Labor party, organized last year and rushed into the 1936 campaign in time to corral 238,845 New York City votes for Roosevelt, championed the Mayor because of statements like the one he once made to the Printing Pressmen's Union: "If I ever do take a job in a press room, it will be in a closed shop."

But the other candidates were fighting fiercely for portions of the workingman's vote. Mahoney was careful to point out that he had once been a law partner of the liberal and pro-labor Senator Robert F. Wagner, and had served for many years as counsel of the New York State Federation of Labor. "I have been connected with the labor movement for 25 years," he announced when he entered the mayoralty race last month. "I believe I can salvage the labor vote."

And a fortnight ago, Tammany's man, Copeland, decided to do so some salvaging of his own by playing on the great A.F. of L. vs. C.I.O. labor war. He denounced the "rabble-rousing, blustering, impudent, law-breaking" C.I.O., but lauded the A.F. of L. to the skies.

"I am for William Green and his unions a thousand per cent!" he thundered to reporters. "If I had to depend for election on the votes of the Lewis crowd, I would rather go down in defeat."

Furious Far East

ASTUTE John Bull is he who gets slapped—and in two halves of the world. On the Spanish front he served notice to top-rebel Franco that British temper was exhausted by rebel attacks on shipping in the blue Mediterranean. (Turkey, friendly to England, announced simultaneously that she would sink rebel or pro-rebel submarines operating in Turkish waters in connection with the Spanish war. Off Shanghai, Chinese planes bombed the American liner *President Hoover*.)

Meanwhile, a Japanese flyer shot the British ambassador to China, strange-named Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, who was motoring from Nanking to stormy Shanghai, perhaps mistaking a small Union Jack on the fast-moving car for the Chinese colors, and hence believing Knatchbull to be a Chinese general. Japan also annoyed Mr. Bull and other neutrals by a so-called "peacetime blockade" of the Chinese coastline, 800 miles of it, from the mouth of the yellow Yangtse River south to Swatow. In this zone, Chinese ships were seized and neutral ships made subject to search.

The British Foreign Office mourned Hon. Knatchbull, and sent a red hot diplomatic note to Japan. It demanded apologies, punishment of offenders, guaranties for the future, in return for the "inexcusable nature of what occurred." Simultaneously, Russia concluded a friendly non-aggression pact with China—to Japan's dismay and Nanking's delight.

This unites the two world-battlefronts, linking seething Spain and the furious Far East. England and Russia alike oppose Franco along the Atlantic and the Mikado along the Pacific. Germany and Italy alike favor Franco and Mikado; Spanish loyalists and loyal Chinamen recognize their common political affinity against aggression. Portugal, from the fascist camp, and Czechoslavakia, from the left-democratic camp, have already severed relations with each other.

Japan, unfitted by nature for a long war, had hoped for an easy, limited action to detach the Chinese North with its coveted five provinces. Chinese resistance—as at Nankow Pass—was more stubborn than anticipated, and the result has been an unlimited, general war of major proportions, with bloody Shanghai operations (aimed to break down Chinese credit, finance, and commerce), sea-blockades, and serious international incidents. Worried Japan fast finds herself an unwilling, unwitting bull in an aroused China shop. Some critics feel more sympathy for her than for Franco. He now controls two-thirds of Spain—or does England's third provocateur, Mussolini?

Mussolini, however, is not crazy. The Japanese and Chinese aviators behave as if thoroughly demented.

Spain's underground fuss

THE Spanish war is fought half above-ground on battlefields, and half underground for possession of Spain's mineral and raw material wealth. Now comes news that shipments of iron ore from Bilbao will start again, England-bound.

When Franco captured the Basque coast, Britain feared that her normal annual imports of 1,000,000 tons of Spanish iron ore, used by the South Wales steel industry for construction and armament purposes, would be stopped

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forever by Franco (with Germany and Italy behind him). These underground fears have proved somewhat groundless, for Franco has reached a new agreement with English importers. At the same time, however, the August trade agreement between Salamanca and Berlin begins to function, giving the Reich special privileges in shipments of rebel-mined iron ore, copper, and pyrites, in return for which nazis aid Franco materially and morally.

The international aspect of the Spanish war is two-faced: foreigners help Spain's two sides with war materials, and the same foreigners want from Spain's two sides raw materials. W-a-r becomes r-a-w, and vice-versa. Thus, in terms of r-a-w, the Spanish w-a-r to date may be summed up as follows:

The rebels began with manganese and iron (Spanish Morocco), and almost immediately took possession of copper, pyrites, and more iron (Seville). Next they proceeded to the lead, manganese, and coal front (Cordoba), and, aided by Italians, swept up the Mediterranean iron and lead coast (Malaga). Recently they have captured the wealthy coal, zinc, and iron coastline (Bilbao, Santander).

Rebel Spain's greatest treasure is the famous British-owned Rio Tinto copper mine in Huelva province near Gibraltar. The output from this, the largest copper mine in Europe, is now controlled by Franco and used, to a large extent, by Germany. The English owners go profitless.

This leaves the defensive loyalists with lead, zinc, tin, and phosphates (in Catalonia); sulphur, silver, lead, and manganese (along the Mediterranean coast south of Valencia); and coal, silver, and mercury (at Almaden, in the interior, southwest of Madrid). The Almaden mercury mine is loyalist Spain's greatest treasure. Owned and operated by Spanish governments for centuries, it is the richest mercury mine in the world.

Thus, from the raw material standpoint, the eventual outcome of the Spanish war is of paramount importance to a Europe which needs these materials for armaments. Within the rebel camp there is friction between Italian and German factions for the eventual output of the Almaden mercury mine, which, if it should fall into Italian-Franco hands, would give Italy a corner on the world's mercury. Similarly, when Franco endangered the Basque coast, Britain, needing the iron ore which passes through Bilbao for her own rearmament, became noticeably more interested in the Spanish war.

No less a participant than Hitler himself has publicly stated that Spanish ore is as important a factor in his support of the rebel cause as his repeated desire to keep "Bolshevism" out of the Mediterranean. The extent to which Germany needs Spanish ore cannot be exaggerated. England has gobbled up most of Sweden's iron exports, which formerly went to Germany. Meanwhile, Rome wants the same iron ore from the Basque country as Germany seeks.

Britain, pursuing a policy which attempts to be neutral in the hope that he who keeps his hands clean will eventually stand to gain the most from whichever side wins, remains seemingly unconcerned, but actually is very much disturbed lest her iron and copper supplies from Spain fall completely into German and Italian hands through a rebel victory.

Labor: French Hercules

BY HOOK or crook, Chautemps out in October! This is what French labor is saying about its New Deal premier and his "temporizing" Popular Front government. Camille Chautemps succeeded Leon Blum in June.

France today has the largest single trade-union organization in the world: C.G.T. (Confederation Generale du Travail), with 5 million members. The British Congress of Trade Unions totals 3½ million members; A.F. of L. and C.I.O. number roughly 3 million apiece. Russia on paper has more union members than France, but they are regimented, cannot strike, and are unionists only in name. Italy and Germany have no unions, for fascist regimes abolished them along with strikes and lockouts.

C.G.T. was founded in 1895, and became definitely revolutionary in 1906 at its Amiens convention. It is *not* Marxian (like Russia) but tends to follow the precepts of Karl Marx's historic anarchist rival, Mike Bakunin. That is, it abhors any strong central government (as in Russia) but favors loose, semi-autonomous regional and occupational rule through interlocking trade-union councils. This is called syndicalism, and is in part operating in Spanish Catalonia today. There is no love lost between French socialists and communists on the one hand and trade-union syndicalists on the other.

Some 12 per cent of all French people belong to C.G.T. labor groups—counting in their families, well over a third of the whole population. Fifty-seven-year-old Leon Jouhaux of 211 Rue Lafayette,

NAKED, LIFELESS BODY being lifted from the carnage near Shanghai's gay and crowded Cathay Hotel. The bombing was an appalling error on the part of Chinese aviators

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HORRIBLE SIGHTS in the streets of Shanghai as 2,000 civilians were killed and countless wounded in recent bombings. Incendiary shells made a third of the city a roaring inferno

Paris IX, is their leader and general-secretary. He is the grizzled French John Lewis, and served as C.G.T. head prior even to 1910. Individualistic, he is more radical now than then, but hates Moscow state-capitalism and fascist totalitarian states, distrusting Stalin as well as Mussolini. C.G.T. is more pro-Spanish loyalist than are Spanish loyalists themselves. If it had its way, "toiling" France and "moiling" Spain would man barricades together —against the Hitlers of this world.

Peasants over Poland

POLISH peasants call a nation-wide agricultural strike, with farmers withholding their products from city markets. Scores are killed and wounded by police, amid anti-semitism of a more violent nature than that in nazi Germany. (Germans bait their 400,000 with laws; Poles tend to beat their 4 million with clubs. In Germany it is artificial, government-inspired; in Poland, a bigoted, traditional mass-movement like American lynching.)

The reason for peasant unrest is that under the not-so-skilful dictatorship of General Smigly-Rydz (who is heir to the Pilsudski dictatorship of 1926-35), the Polish landlubbers are pretty well excluded from governmental matters. Their strike is political rather than economic.

Their beloved Galician leader is democratic old Vincent Witos, who has been in exile in Czechoslovakia. The peasants want Witos to come back to them. He was Polish premier three times in stormy post-war days—guiding the ship-of-state in 1920, when a Bolshevist tide, under the late Mike Tukachevsky, swept into Warsaw suburbs and then miraculously receded in what generals call "the last decisive battle of the world."

Poland has 34 million inhabitants, of whom the discontented peasants constitute nearly two-thirds. Such sturdy fellows could always lick Russians on anything like equal terms, served Napoleon surpassingly well in Spain and Italy and elsewhere, founded the French Foreign Legion after 1830. Today, with a little luck, they may succeed in licking their own dictators and feudalistic landlords.

Nazi theme song

HORST WESSEL is the nazi patron saint who was killed in a pre-nazi 1930 brawl. He was a musician of sorts, and wrote a piece called the "Horst Wessel Song" which became the theme-song of the brownshirts. Now it appears that the song is a steal, and there has been a lawsuit about it. The melody, they say, plagiarizes three other ditties: "Voyage to Africa," "The Fisherman and His Bride," and "There Was a Man."

The German judge backed suing iconoclasts, so the nazis appealed the case to the Supreme Court at Leipzig. The court under-knuckled, and said the theme-song was bonafide and 100 per cent Wessel, despite conflicting testimony by musical experts. The Horst Wessel Song runs:

Close up the ranks! Raise high our honored banner!
The storm-troops march with calm and steady pace.
Our comrades shot by red front and reaction
Amid our ranks in spirit keep their place.

Meanwhile, the lethal nazi swan-song becomes Hitlerized. Latest German death notices substitute for the habitual phrase "died with belief in God," the new nazi phrase "died with belief in Adolf Hitler." Variations of the swan-song are "died with belief in his Fuehrer," or "died with belief in Germany's future."

Everyone in the Third Reich now must admit to self-classification in one of three official categories: (1) doctrinal religious belief in Lutheran, Catholic, or Old Catholic dogma; or (2) free-thinking, deistic belief in some sort of God; or (3) straight atheism. Rotary Clubs were placed under nazi ban last week, because of their alleged connection with "red" international and free-masonic agencies.

Insurance against war?

Is the cost of national armament an insurance to any country against the demon war? If so, the American citizen pays remarkably low insurance premiums as compared to militarized denizens of Europe and Asia. Land, air, and sea defense costs, combined, are taken into consideration in estimates that follow.

Hon. Louis Johnson, assistant secretary of war for Uncle Sam, gave out some interesting estimates last week in a Virginia speech:

The *civis americanus* pays out only $5 per capita per year for his little army, big navy, medium air-force, and dauntless marines. Herr Average German pays an annual $8 "for protection," another low figure despite alleged Hitler militarism. Then comes "jingo" Japan, which has contributed $13 per capita, and "imperialist" Italy, with a per capita ratio of $14. A rearming England pays $15. Then comes a marked jump. France, per capita, pays $23 and vast-armied, nervous Soviet Russia pays $33 per capita for her 170 million comrades. Such are the Johnson figures, coming from a man notably well-informed.

Labor costs are notoriously low in Germany, Japan, and Italy; and lira-pinching Italy likes to utilize cheap mechanical war-novelties. France, for one, is expensively orthodox. Our pacific Washington Uncle is inexpensively so.

John Doe of Ethiopia

FOR a second, perhaps final time, His Majesty Haile Selassie I, King of Kings, Lion of Judah, Christian Emperor of Ethiopia, is a pawn on the international

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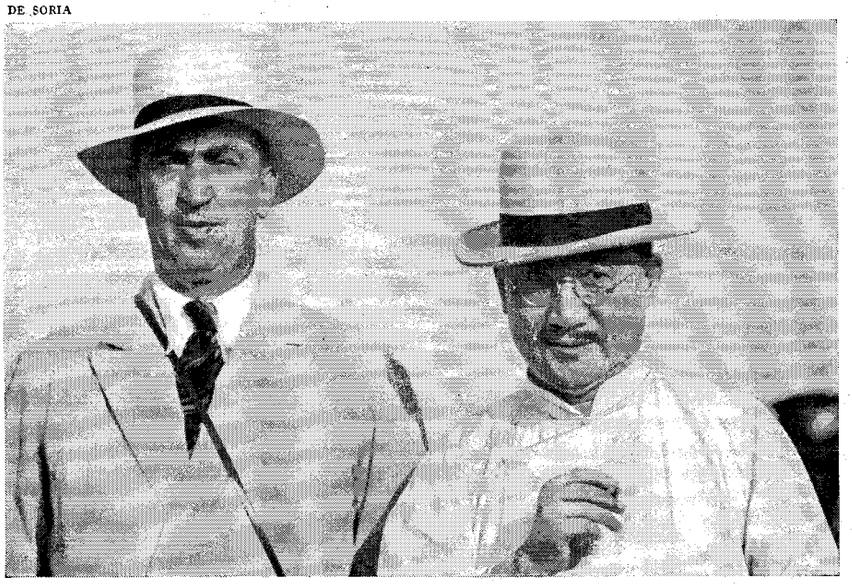
DE SORIA



SKILLED MINDS behind China's struggle: John Jouett, former American air adviser to Nanking, and Finance Minister Kung who negotiated European loans

chessboard. British, French, and Italian pressures may soon end his exile, now spent on the seven-acre estate he has bought, overlooking Bath, England.

England, seeking Italian friendship, may take the lead in excluding Ethiopia from the forthcoming League of Nations Assembly meeting, and may hint that Selassie leave England. The opening gambit has already been played. An English court disallowed the Emperor's claims on the Bank of Ethiopia, and the hand of Downing Street is seen in the recent withdrawal of Selassie's autobiography from fall publication lists.

His vast wealth is pure myth. The 100 metals cases, the 100 trunks, in all, the 10 tons of baggage which he supposedly took into exile, were not filled with gold, precious jewels, and Mexican silver dollars, but mainly with silverware, furniture, and fine Persian rugs. Some 4,500 pieces of silverware were sold at public auction for $12,640 "in order to keep the Emperor alive." For two years he has tried unsuccessfully to sell or rent his 13-room chalet in Switzerland. Though once able to spurn movie offers and a $100,000 bid to appear at the Texas Centennial Exposition, the Negus can now hardly make ends meet.

His $70,000 suit against a Belgian coffee merchant goes unsettled. Now he is trying to liquidate his most valuable remaining possession: 8,650 shares of the Djibouti-Addis Ababa railroad. Worth a market-value of between $750,000 and $1,000,000, these rail shares are difficult to cash because of diplomatic ties. Already possessing most of the railroad, Italy wants them scot-free. Beginning October 12, in a Paris court, Selassie will try to transfer title to the shares from the non-existent Ethiopian government to himself and thus be able to sell them. But Italy is fighting the move. France and England refuse to buy them. And so the best bet is that they will eventually be sold behind the scenes to a neutral party on the understanding that Selassie will be paid, but that the shares will be resold at cost to Mussolini.

Thus, Britain and France would avoid the embarrassment of having an impecunious Emperor on their doorstep. Thus, the Emperor fast becomes plain John Doe. He may end up in the U. S.

Died

JOHN S. DALZIEL, 98, noted wood engraver who did illustrations for Charles Dickens and Hans Christian Andersen.

William Fayal Clarke, 83, former editor-in-chief of St. Nicholas Magazine.

Erwin Wassner, 50, noted German U-boat commander.

Sir George Gervase Beckett, 71, banker, editor, and member of the House; father-in-law of Foreign Secretary Eden.

Andrew W. Mellon, 82, Pittsburgh industrialist and banker who became Secretary of the Treasury in the Harding cabinet and continued under Coolidge and Hoover; later Ambassador at London.

John Russell Pope, 63, architect of the National Art Gallery (Mellon), Constitution Hall, and Archives Building in Washington, Theodore Roosevelt Memorial in New York, and other edifices.

Albert A. Tilney, 69, board chairman, Bankers Trust Company, New York.

Frederick Burr Opper, 80, creator of "Happy Hooligan" and other comic strips, and anti-McKinley political cartoonist.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THEY STILL make some motion pictures to appeal to the 12-year-old mind—of the producer.—*Lee Shippey in Los Angeles Times.*

At last Congress has knocked off work, and no longer need the common, ordinary citizen puzzle his tired brain as to whether we're going to get a New Era or a New Error.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

Textiles of skim milk are woven in Italy, and Germany sponsors a paper cloth. Washington, in the meantime, they say, will press its aluminum suit.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

National Federation of Professional Women has decided that housework is too much of a physical strain for modern women. How in the world do modern women know that housework is too much of a strain?—*Ted Cook in New York Journal-American.*

The Japanese have fine white teeth, says a dentist who has mingled with the race. It comes of a fish diet and the constant gnawing at China.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

America lags behind the world. We have school kids ten years old who don't even know how to thrust a bayonet.—*Buffalo News.*

The Roosevelt-DuPont nuptials were to end an old feud and six weeks later, what happens? The head Montague calls the Capulets a bunch of Lord Macaulays. —*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Some of his enemies say Justice Hugo Black is not much of a constitutional lawyer, but perhaps he isn't too old to learn—and he certainly will be in a good place to pick it up rapidly.—*C.H.T. in Kansas City Star.*

Looks like the balanced budget had moved into that place just around the corner from which prosperity finally moved out.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Democratic insurgents suspect that the President, like the man with hydrophobia, is making up a list of those he's going to bite.—*Troy (N.Y.) Record.*

A former captain of a trans-Atlantic liner has crossed the ocean alone in a small yawl. It's a safe bet that he spent at least half of the way over enjoying the questions the passengers didn't ask. —*New York Sun.*

Marconi undoubtedly earned all those tributes he has been receiving as a benefactor of mankind. He not only invented the radio, but also that little gadget for turning it off.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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EDITORIAL

EVERYONE is aware that when the Supreme Court convenes on October fourth a new member will take the special oath of office to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Justice Van Devanter. Hugo Lafayette Black of Alabama took the preliminary oath on August nineteenth, immediately after his confirmation by the Senate; and since that date has been properly styled "Mr. Justice Black."

It was on February fifth that President Roosevelt surprised Congress and the country by a message demanding that he be allowed at once to appoint six additional members of the Supreme Court. The message was accompanied by a bill precisely drafted in every detail. The President believed that his command of the party situation would compel the passage of the bill in short order. It was obvious that, if the bill became a law, the same majority of Senators who had voted for it could not, in the nature of the case, fail to confirm the six appointees presented by the President.

Blind following

WE may well avoid any summary of the six months' discussion in Congress and throughout the country that led to the defeat of the President's bill in July. It is enough to say that Mr. Roosevelt was supported by his thick-and-thin political followers regardless of their individual views. For such orthodox constitutionalists as Vice President Garner and Senator Robinson the strain was beyond endurance. Mr. Garner left his post and went home to Texas, while Mr. Robinson collapsed and died.

The independent judgment of the country was almost unanimous in opposing the President's bold demand that the Supreme Court should be totally changed in character, and made subservient to the personal will of the transient occupant of the White House. Congress had to choose; and it accepted the verdict of public opinion, braving the President's deep and quick wrath.

Federal judges under the Constitution have life tenure. Once appointed they cannot be henchmen of any party politician whomsoever. Having presented his six names for the necessary approval of the Senate, Mr. Roosevelt's official association with them must at once have ceased. But the President undoubtedly assumed that his six new judges would support his programs, whether such programs were already incubated or were to be invented in the unknown emergencies of the years immediately before us. If pledged in advance, a judge would have no right to sit on the bench. In his impatience the President's mind was clouded by a strange fallacy.

Security of the Court

IN our opinion, the position of the Supreme Court cannot be permanently undermined or impaired without the adoption of a constitutional amendment. Once clothed with the dignity and authority of the greatest tribunal in the world, Mr. Roosevelt's six appointees would have ceased to be considered as political henchmen. All of the men—there were perhaps forty of them—who were listed in the newspapers as possible appointees, were worthy of judicial ermine.

They would have been obliged to deal with concrete cases, as brought to the court on appeal. They would be serving in life positions. They could not possibly drag along with them, as furnishing their ideals or their guiding principles, a hampering tangle of improvised proposals known as the "New Deal." In short we should still have had the so-called "nine old men," plus six new judges.

But let us consider for a moment the "nine old men" who have been held up to cheap disparagement by so many ignorant and prejudiced people. The six new judges, even if unanimous in supporting Mr. Roosevelt's measures would still have been in the minority unless at least two of the older nine should agree with them.

Those of us who have supported the Court (resenting the ideas disclosed in the President's plan to subordinate the judiciary) have been denounced as reactionaries and Tories. It has been assumed that we were contending for the views of Justice McReynolds or Justice Sutherland, and were impatient with dissenting views as expressed by Justices Brandeis or Stone or Cardozo. Nothing could be more mistaken. We welcomed the arguments of these scholarly jurists.

Judge Cardozo was chief judge of New York State's highest tribunal when President Hoover named him for the Supreme Court in March 1932. Who is there that would wish to have a "conservative" in the seat of this modest gentleman—one of the most profound thinkers and scholars in the developing science of jurisprudence that our system of law courts has ever brought to the front? He takes the place for us of Justice Holmes whose mind was fresh and young as he entered his tenth decade.

Sharp objections were raised against the sudden and unexpected appointment of the junior senator from Alabama. There was foundation for the criticisms. But Senator Hugo Lafayette Black is now Mr. Justice Black. We may expect him to sit on the bench of final resort for full twenty-five years. He enters upon a new career. His political past had some serious faults and some recognized merits. He was a man of bitter prejudices, possessed of a fierce crusading spirit.

But Hugo Black, only fifty-one years old, had been in active Alabama politics for thirty years. He was soon to complete a twelve-year period in the Senate. He had practiced law in the chief city of his state and had filled local offices. He is known to be a man of studious habits and alert intelligence. We are not ready to believe that he can take his place on the bench in a bumptious mood, or that he can be so lacking in judicial dignity as to take orders passed on to him through White House secretaries.

Judicial independence

WHO could suppose that Justice Cardozo ever felt under obligations to consider the political opinions of Herbert Hoover, simply because Mr. Hoover showed fine judgment when he appointed the New York jurist? Since we wish for Justice Black a career of honor and distinction on the bench, we are taking the liberty to advise him to re-read two small books. One of them is called "The Nature of the Judicial Process." The other is entitled "The Growth of the Law." The author of these volumes is Benjamin N. Cardozo. The chapters were first delivered as lectures before the Yale Law School. The first volume appeared sixteen years ago, the second dates from the year 1924, and they have been reprinted from year to year.

Hugo Black will discover that our Chief Justice Hughes is today the most distinguished and most highly esteemed jurist in the Americas or in Europe. He will find himself in the company of men of pure motives and great resources of learning and experience. Let us expect him to apply himself with all his strength of mind and character to the study of jurisprudence, and to the concrete tasks that are brought to our highest tribunal. The business in hand has been first dealt with in the numerous courts under federal or state authority throughout this country. How could a lawyer of moral worth and energetic mind keep from becoming a good judge, under the tendencies of our constitutional system?

Albert Shaw.

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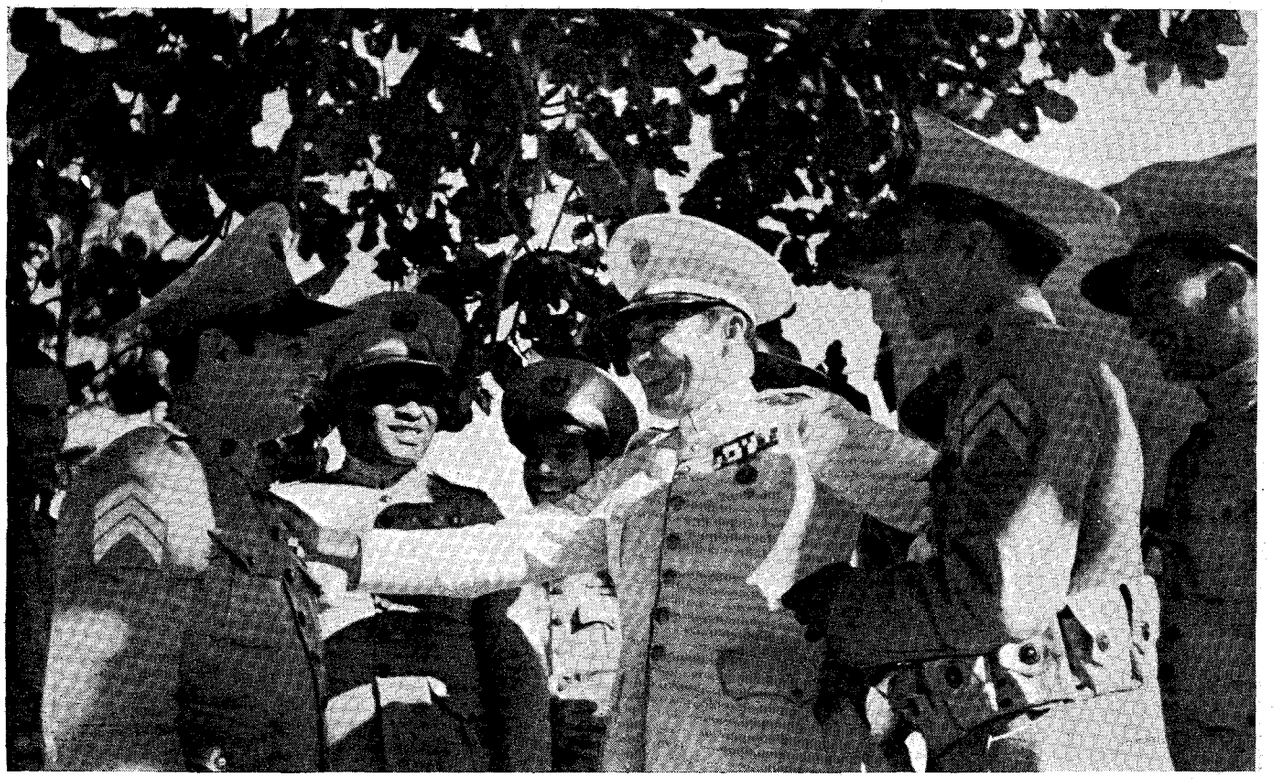

ARMY PALS of Batista receive friendly pats and jests from the dictating ex-sergeant, plus one-third of government income—$25,000,000 a year

CUBA'S CAGEY COLONEL

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

THEY call him Batista. And they usually add an exclamation point; for in four eruptive years as Cuba's military dictator, Colonel Batista has made the island shake. He has brought order out of political chaos. He has whipped his petted army into crackerjack shape. He has put through sweeping educational and health reforms. He has fired the entire police force and put in army men who do his bidding. He has quieted the fears of business men and jacked up Cuba's foreign trade. And he has clamped down on all opposition with an iron hand.

Batista, though disclaiming all intentions of being a dictator—"The Napoleon of the Carribean"—is nevertheless the man on horseback, the forceful ruler of five million excitable people. Through the army (enlarged) and Cuba's six military governors (hand-picked), Batista, as chief of the army, wields tremendous power. All this, however, is strictly a back-seat affair. Batista has no desire to sit himself down in the comfortable, but quite unimportant arm-chair of the Cuban Presidency. In February when Batista declined nomination for president on the ground that he would look "small indeed" if he took "advantage of a personality which events have given me," the 36-year old Colonel was not parading his modesty. He was simply being shrewd. Cuban presidents are figure-heads, powerless and short-lived—in the last four years, nine of them have come and gone with the wind. Batista knows that the way to stay in power is to make and break presidents; but never to be one himself. That, precisely, is what Batista does. No president can exist without his support. When President Gomez fought Batista's pet schemes, Gomez was impeached and ousted, while Batista remained, more powerful than ever. In Gomez's place, Batista put in Laredo Bru, a man more to his liking.

Outside of Havana, in a rambling residence at Camp Columbia, the heart of the new regime pumps. Behind a broad desk, Batista works hard—sometimes till six in the morning. Lieutenants hurry about, filing dispatches, getting decrees O.K.'d, putting life into the schemes of their boss. People snap to it when Batista is around. Yet Batista is personally no robot. A man of action, he nevertheless knows when to restrain himself. Unlike certain dictators, who, once their pennant is hoisted to the flagmast of the ship of state, start climbing up the social rigging as well, Batista sticks to his old-time army cronies, enjoying midnight suppers with them and swapping stories of army life. Not that Batista couldn't mix with "smarter folk" if he wanted to, for socialites now kow-tow to him, though formerly, when Batista was still in his politically adolescent stage, they snubbed him and his wife quite royally.

Towards visitors Batista puts his best foot forward: a disarming smile, extreme courtesy, wit—and what is more rare in a dictator—humor. Batista looks great in his tight-fitting uniform; for his heavy features are a conglomeration of dusky racial traits. In Batista, Cuban white, Negro and Indian brown, and Oriental yellow are rolled into one.

Batista's career has been just as strangely mixed. "Butcher, baker, candlestick maker"—Batista, while none of these, could still compose as varied a ditty if he ever gets around to listing his occupations for a Who's Who. First barber, then tailor, carpenter, sugar cane worker, railroad worker, buck private, stenographer and now military dictator! Batista has literally blasted his way to the top from nowhere with a minimum

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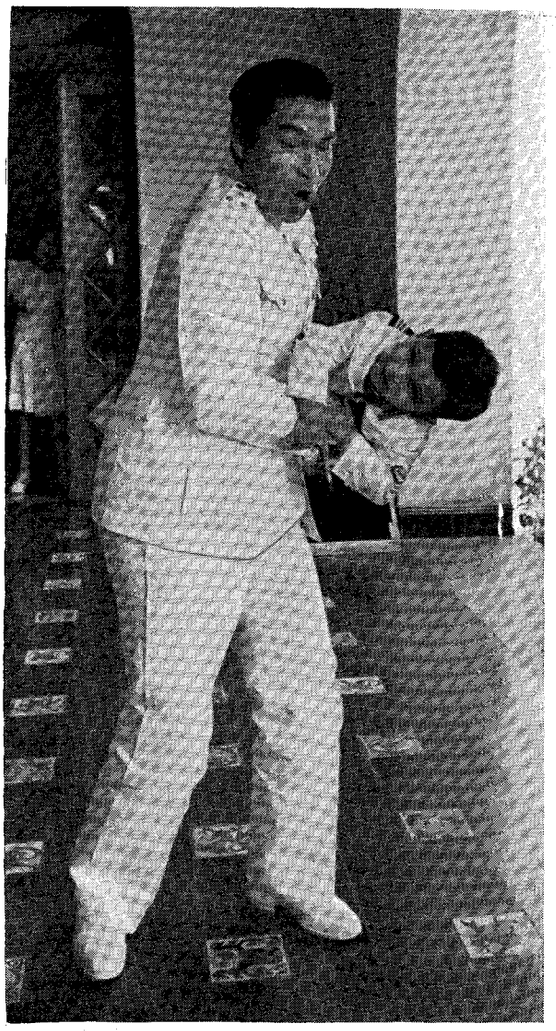

PAPA BATISTA bounces his baby boy. He also bounces, but less gently, those who oppose him

amount of noise and a maximum of caginess, perseverance and political intuition. He can size up men and events in a glance; in the hop-step-and-jump of politics, he knows when to make his leap.

The guns of the Spanish-American War had just stopped booming when Fulgencio Batista y Zaldivar was born, in 1901, in Banes, Oriente province, the "cradle of Cuban liberty." His family background is misty, though some say his father was a truck-driver. Both parents died by the time Batista was thirteen and, as a poor orphan, he came under the guidance of an American Quaker mission.

After running through a bewildering maze of jobs, he got his initial start in politics during the late 1920's, when, as a Sergeant in the then weak-kneed Cuban army, he became a stenographer at General Headquarters. An amazingly valuable job from the political point of view, since stenographers are "in" on military and political secrets. Batista got to know the lay of the land and the locations where various politicians pitched their tents. Cuba was seething under Machado's tyrannical regime. "White gold"—sugar—Cuba's leading export and the foundation of her economic well-being hit new lows each year. Economic discontent set in. Sugar, representing 80 per cent of the island's exports, was selling at one cent a pound, whereas during the war it brought as high as 22½ cents. Yet, the poorer Cuba became, the more Machado spent, vainly trying to glorify himself and spend his way out of the economic morass. A capitol costing nearly $20,000,000 was built—artistically, very pretty; but financially, very sad. A vast highway, stretching straight across Cuba, was laid—at the cost of $140,000 a mile! Back salaries for public employees mounted until they were owed the fantastic sum of $57,000,000.

Politicians rolled in with the tide, dumped their pet projects on the beach, and rolled out to sea again. Like beach-combers, the tax-payer, business man and agricultural laborer found thin pickings. If you wanted to run a store, you bought three things: merchandise, the labor unions, and the army. Otherwise bombs, not customers, came through the door. At the University of Havana, students did everything but study. Scholarly research ran a poor second to radical agitation. The cellars of the university buildings were arsenals filled with guns, ammunition, and high-powered explosives. An estimated 5000 bombs were thrown about Havana in two years—often carelessly. The students themselves led paralyzing strikes among government employees and workingmen.

Obviously this state of affairs could not and did not continue. In August, 1933, Machado was finally overthrown. Cuba got punch-drunk on its new freedom. Pent-up hatred burst over the dam. Seventy-five people were killed and 200 wounded in a musical-comedy type of revolution, where fighting stopped for lunch, for afternoon drinks, or whenever some lonesome mobster felt like going home and seeing the wife. Machado's followers—even those merely suspected of following him—were executed, stoned, and had their homes sacked. Private dwellings, the president's palace, and banks were looted. Political power tumbled into the streets.

Meanwhile, Batista and his army friends stood quietly in the back alleys, waiting to strike. On September 4th, exactly twenty-two days after Machado fled and vacillating President de Cespedes stepped in to fill the breach, Batista, with the army and some civilian factions behind him, bluffed his way to power in a bloodless revolution. Ramon Grau was made president, and Batista, still a sergeant, became a colonel and chief of the army. Politically, however, he remained a dark horse. Few realized the strength of his following and even fewer placed their bets on him. Yet, since then, Batista, like other 10-1 shots, has come out of the ruck and passed the grandstand first. Politics in Cuba today is Batista.

Cuba's man of the hour believes in being up to the minute. An opportunist, Batista preaches what he practices and practices what he preaches; does what seems best to him at the moment. "To me," he says, "all ideals are useless unless they can be put into practice, all theories without value unless they can be applied." Call him and his program what you please, Batista doesn't give a darn. "I have been accused," he repeats, "of being a fascist. It puzzles me but doesn't bother me. Labels don't matter."

Today he is clamping down on the opposition in an effort to raise up the rest of Cuba. His supporters feel that "if we had three more Colonel Batistas, Cuba could consider herself saved." On the other hand, his enemies claim that Batista is simply turning the country into an armed camp. That liberty, and freedom of speech, assembly, and the press have been bayonetted into subordination, few deny. Batista himself makes it perfectly clear that, although anyone may still form a political party (at least, in theory), no radical organization will be tolerated. Which, in plain Cuban, means simply that Batista will choose the parties which suit his liver. Labor leaders, radicals, pro-labor students and public servants with leftist leanings have been systematically uprooted. Some 500,000 union men have been stripped of their organization and deprived of their vote.

SUGAR is up; Batista smiles

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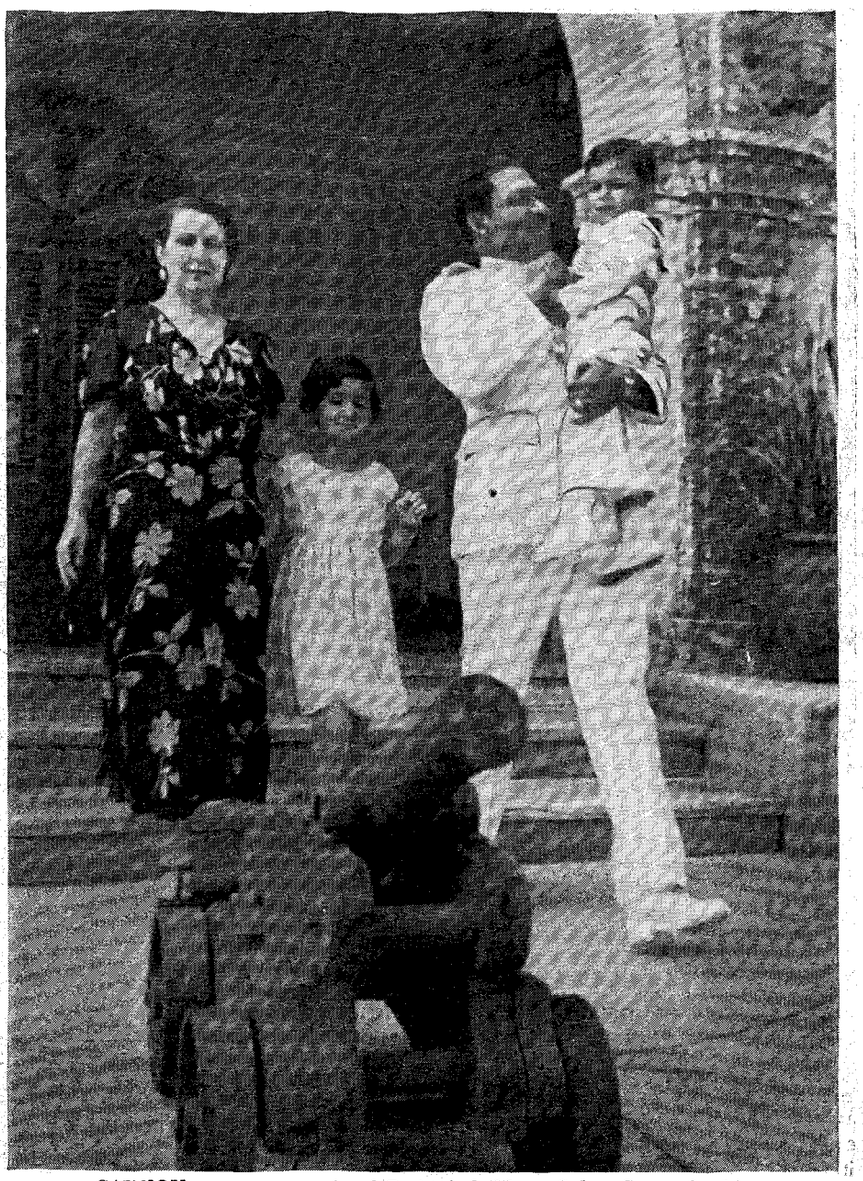
Strikes are now punishable by death. Labor leaders claim that "prisoners are beaten. . . . Their nails pulled off, they are drugged, emasculated . . . forced under torture to sign false accusations and convict themselves . . . kept incommunicado. Some have become insane by merely watching the tortures applied to other prisoners. The murders continue and they throw the corpses into the sea."

Against Batista's claim that he is not a military dictator, the opposition points a challenging finger at the fact that Batista's chief support is a well-disciplined army of some 14,000 regulars and 20,000 reserves. To keep the army and hold its faith, Batista spends $25,000,000 a year, roughly one third of the government income. In matters of politics, the opposition fears that Batista is becoming more openly fascist daily. At this very moment, reports are circulating in high places that Batista plans to do away with the Congress and substitute a corporate state.

This intention Batista has never denied. But he does point with pride to Cuba's army, which has never before shown such efficiency and smartness; to the hundreds of rural communities which now enjoy new educational and sanitary facilities; to the reorganized University of Havana, where a more peaceful and studious atmosphere prevails; to the security he has given the business class through increased trade and internal law and order.

Moreover, Batista states that this is just a beginning, that Cuba's national revival will progress in future years. His current proposal is a three-year plan for economic and social reconstruction, including such far-reaching schemes as government control over the sugar, mining, and tobacco industries; a new currency system; government control over industrial relations; the creation of a merchant marine; and, finally, an expanded health, housing, and educational program. Fighting Batista, point for point, the opposition sees in this newest move the shadow of Wall Street finance. American banking interests in Cuba are vast and it is claimed that Batista's latest step was stimulated by the pressure brought to bear on him through the withdrawal of $30,000,000 from Cuba by U. S. financiers within the last few weeks.

Is Batista simply another Cuban watch-fob dangling from Wall Street's belt of gold? America surely has more than a passing interest in Batista. Cuba is a state of our design. We gave her independence after the Spanish-American War and then whittled that independence down with the Platt Amendment, which gave the U. S. the right to intervene in Cuba's domestic rumblings. But Yankee doughboys and Teddy Roosevelt's "Big Stick" policy are gone, and the Platt Amendent has been abrogated. Instead, we have F. D. R.'s "good neighbor" policy, and a new commercial treaty between Washington and a really independent Cuba.



CANNON are symptomatic of Batista's hold on Cuba. Strangely, his family equally represents his hold on Cubans—with new prosperity

Yet not so "really independent" at that. For a time, U. S. Ambassador Sumner Welles was the hand in the Cuban glove. As unofficial mediator between Cuba's warring factions, he tried unsuccessfully to make Cuba a going concern during the last days of Machado's regime. Today, Mr. Welles is back in Washington, and the U.S., less "imperialistic" than in the old days, is willing to support any Cuban government which provides law and order in Cuba, safeguards American holdings and investments, and doesn't complain too bitterly about the increased tariff rates and quota we have put on Cuban sugar exports.

Batista, then, is playing his cards carefully. Will he remain kingpin long enough to achieve his many purposes? If he can miss assassin's bullets, see that the army's pay-checks don't bounce, and allay mass discontent with a rising prosperity, Batista need not get jittery. His ups and downs are closely related to Cuban prosperity. With better economic times, political thunder loses much of its noise; people turn to their cash registers, rulers turn to their balance sheets. In Cuba this depends very much on the price of sugar, of which she possesses a fifth of the world's supply. Between 1920 and 1931 the value of sugar sank from a high-water mark of $724,000,000 to a shallow $64,000,000, and with it Cuban political life became muddy. Today, sugar finds a better market at a higher price. If "white gold" continues to make Cubans more content, Batista's hand can relax its iron grip.

For Batista has little to worry about from purely political enemies. He has already defeated two attempts to oust him from command of the army and he has smashed a number of smaller plots against him. Quick on the draw and politically agile, Batista knows how to handle conspirators against the established order; for only yesterday he was one of them himself.—*Julian S. Bach, Jr.*

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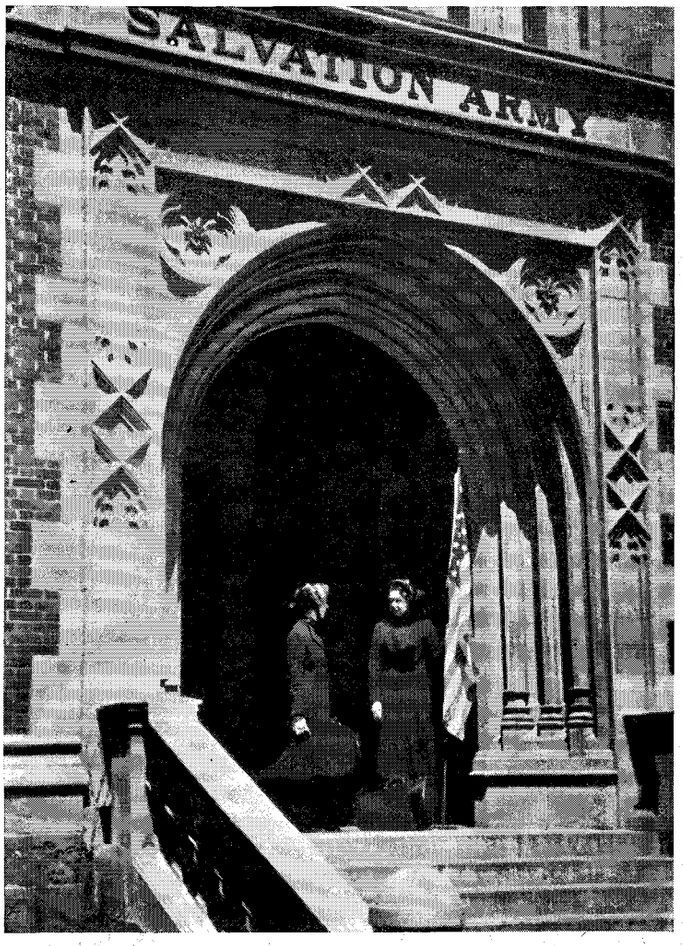
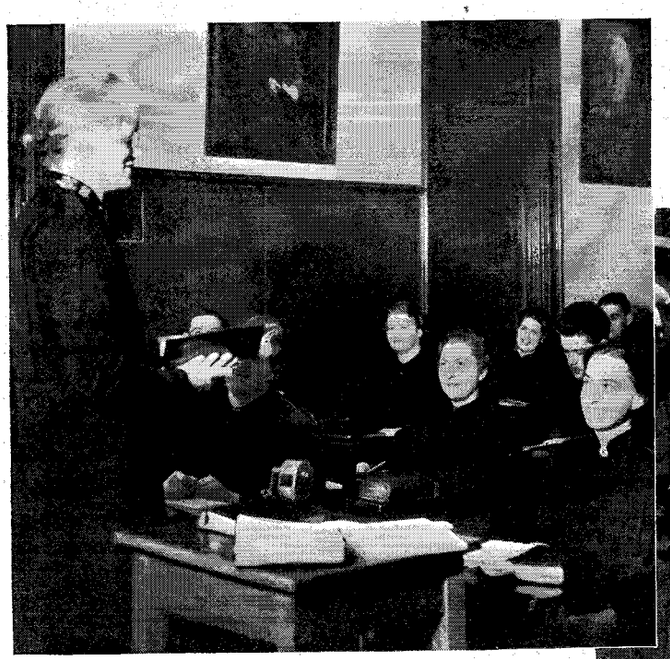
SCHOOL FOR SALVAGE

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR



COEDUCATIONAL though the college is, a brigade is of one sex only. Two girl cadets are waiting for the other ten of their brigade to start for an open-air meeting

SETTING-UP exercises at 6:50 A.M. start the day briskly. Entrance tests include a stiff physical examination



CLASSES are held from 9 to 11 A.M. with instruction in Bible study and music which the cadets at the right will practice at a street corner revival

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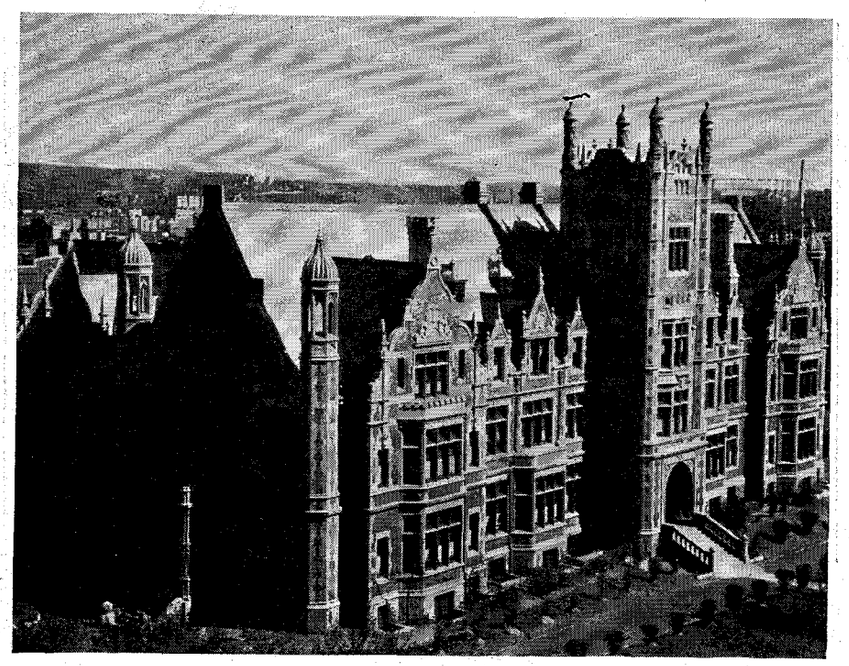
ALMA MATER—The Salvation Army Training College of New York has been housed since 1920 on Morris Heights in the Bronx

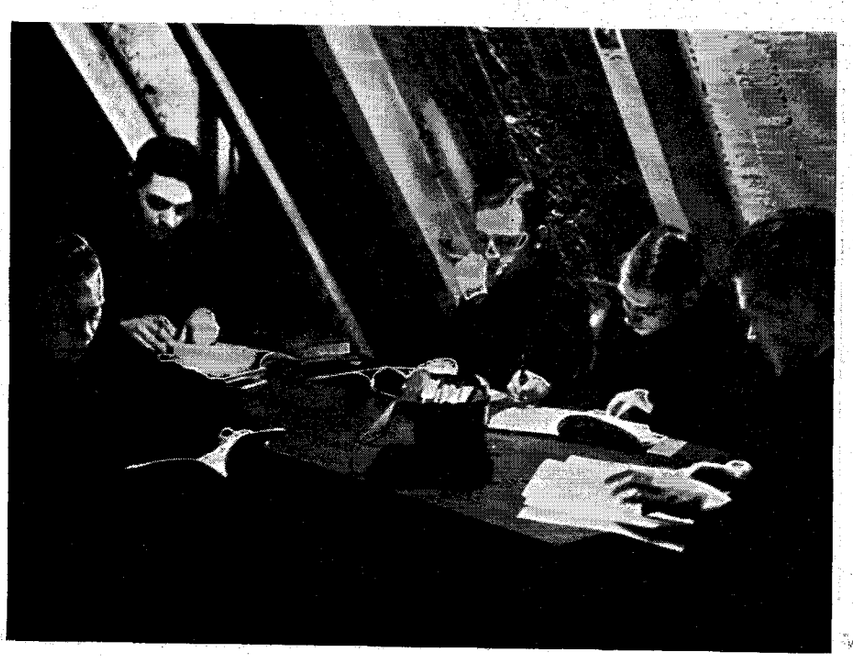


IF YOU were asked to name the largest standing army in the world, the chances are you would not give the correct answer the first time. It is the Salvation Army with 3,000,000 soldiers and 26,000 officers. The American officers are trained in four schools situated in as many territorial districts. The largest of these "West Points" is in New York, with the others in Atlanta, Chicago, and San Francisco.

Contrary to the widespread misconception, the officers of the Salvation Army are not recruited from prisons, saloons, and gutters. About half of them are children of Salvationists and the rest began attendance at its Sunday Schools at a tender age. Moreover, since preparation for these training schools often begins as early as thirteen, the cadets have not had time for a really distinguished career of crime.

The Salvation Army Training College is governed by military discipline from reveille at 6:30 until bed-time. The curriculum includes courses in Bible Study, accounting, instrumental and vocal music, first aid, and public speaking. The course lasts ten and a half months. After 10 years' service, a Captain may attain the rank of Adjutant; after 15 years, a Major; and after 25 years, a Brigadier.

When they leave the Salvation Army Training College in New York, the lieutenants will enter a corps in one of the 18 Divisions of the district, there to obey the orders of the Founder, General William Booth, who commanded his troops to "Go for Souls, and go for the worst."



PRAYERS follow all meals in accordance with the text hung in the dining room—"Pray without Ceasing"

HAPPY WARRIOR describes this Salvationist who obviously enjoys his religion. The cadets at the left spend the evening hours in study

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SITUATIONS WANTED. Applicants waiting to be interviewed at the Manhattan office, State Reemployment Bureau

HELP!

DIGEST PHOTOS BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

"BUT WHY aren't there any servants any more?" is a question that thousands of indignant housewives are asking. "What about all these people on relief?"

What about them?

In twelve of the forty-eight states the federal government operates free employment bureaus known as the National Reemployment Service. The other thirty-six states have their own free employment bureaus, in which the government coöperates on a share-expense basis. Among the registrants in these bureaus are automatically included those of relief's millions who are classified as "employable." The relief rolls alone testify that unemployment is still a sizable problem. Yet in 1936 the National Reemployment Service admits that it could not find qualified applicants for all the jobs registered with it. New York City's state employment bureau, with the names and work qualifications of 450,000 unemployed New Yorkers on its books, was unable last April to fill 900 available jobs.

One reason for this discrepancy seems to be a rather amazing lack of coördination among the various and diverse branches of the ponderous machinery set up to correct unemployment. The relief agencies investigate the needy, furnish the necessities of life, see to it that they are registered (if classified as employables) in national or state employment bureaus. The employment agencies refer registrants with suitable records to available jobs. The Works Progress Administration, set up primarily as an emergency measure to create jobs within itself, offers in addition to these jobs education of every kind for whoever wants it, free training in industry and art.

The record for the last eighteen months credits the W P A with two attempts to train definite people for definite jobs. Both have been successful, but the more successful and more universally interesting is the domestic training program.

The servant problem is like the weather in that everyone is always talking about it but practically no one does anything about it. With American incomes on the upward trend, the demand for domestic servants is approaching pre-depression volume. It is a demand for which there seems to be, under present conditions, no possible adequate supply. Thousands of American housewives in and near the great urban centers, who will tell you that they spend most of their time struggling with a series of incompetent and irrelevant human answers to this problem, are beginning to realize that their failure is not simply personal bad luck. It is lack of material. America no longer has a servant class.

The W P A has tried to solve the housewife's dilemma by establishing one hundred and thirty-seven domestic training schools throughout the country. Even that number leaves many empty spaces.

Westchester County, one of New York City's most prosperous suburban areas, is an important and hungry market for domestic help. It has few internal sources of such material, and draws largely on New York for highly paid live-in servants. The demand for live-in servants at an average wage, and for part time or full time helpers to live out, however, at all times far exceeds the supply.

Miss Ruth Taylor, Commissioner of Public Welfare for Westchester County, expressed the opinion that there are no domestic servants on the relief rolls of the country. "It is very easy for any person willing to enter domestic service, whether trained or untrained, to secure a position and it is rare that we hear of any person in this group wanting a position," says Miss Taylor.

In the city of Yonkers, Westchester's largest center of labor population, this opinion found ready agreement. Although Yonkers is primarily an industrial city, at State Reemployment headquarters there it was unofficially estimated that 50 to 55 per cent of their requests are for domestic servants. Many of these jobs are, in this particular bureau, sub-standard in character—that is, the housewife expects too much for too little money. But even when the situations offered are average or better, few applicants apply.

COUPLE who want to find a job where they can work together, discuss matters in an interview at the New York State Reemployment office

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HOUSEWIFE wishing to hire a servant finds that a maid demands at least $40 a month, a room of her own, and a reasonable amount of free time

There are some 120,000 people listed as employable on New York City's relief roll. Last April's occupational survey of these employables disclosed 345 sleep-in domestics. In New York, as in Westchester and elsewhere, it is axiomatic that no qualified full time servant need be jobless; so it was no particular shock to anyone when investigation proved that the great majority of these so-called employables were in fact unemployables through age or other disabilities.

Five thousand, five hundred and sixteen domestics are listed. Most of these are women with home responsibilities of their own, who can take work on a part time basis only.

Obviously even New York's enormous relief roll offers no ready-made solution to the servant problem. According to simple calculation and the law of averages, however, it should offer plenty of raw material for effective training to this important end.

Something over a year ago, Mrs. Katherine Haxall, working under the joint auspices of the W P A's New York Adult Education Program and the Relief agencies, started one of the pioneering Household Training programs. It was regarded as a very special experiment and for the first year was largely financed by special city relief funds. During that year the course, operating at a cost of something over $43,000, saved the city an estimated $169,000 in relief.

The course has six training centers: two in central Manhattan, one in Harlem, one on Staten Island and two in Brooklyn. All are well equipped for training in every department of housework, and are staffed by home economics graduates under the general direction of Miss L. Ray Balderston, nationally known authority.

Before any applicant starts the course, she is given a thorough physical examination that includes a Wasserman test. With a bill of good health to her credit, she begins an intensive eight weeks' training in cleaning, cooking and serving, laundering, and general household routine. She is taught how to make the best use of modern electrical equipment; how to plan her day efficiently. There is a minimum amount of the classroom lecture type of instruction. Instead, the girls actually do the work under expert supervision. They cook and serve their own lunches. In the Staten Island center, they take up residence for the training period. At the end of the course they receive a diploma certifying their efficiency, and a clean bill of health—another one! Every girl has a job waiting for her. A choice of jobs, rather, at from $40 a month and maintenance upwards.

Yet no stupendous number of women have taken this road to a regular job. The total for all schools, last year, was some 5,000. In New York, something over six hundred have received diplomas. Several hundred others have been placed in household jobs before they completed the course. Other hundreds have started and dropped out for various reasons. The major reason is getting work of another kind—something they'd rather do than housework.

"It is much easier to get women to take the course now, though, than it was at first," says Mrs. Haxall. "Most of our students are still referred to us by Relief Bureau Investigators from families on relief. A small but increasing number come to us independently. Some friend has taken the course usually, and they learn from that friend's experience that a domestic service job isn't necessarily a form of slavery.

"It is part of our job to teach these girls that domestic service is not in itself degrading, and that it need not entail drudgery or loss of the right to lead their own lives. Any work that is well done deserves and commands respect for the worker from the right type of employer. All our girls are taught not only what an employer has a right to expect from them, but what they have a right to expect from an employer. If any job they take does not live up to promised standards, they are not expected to stay there.

"We have over 600 employers on our waiting list," Mrs. Haxall continued, "and we would have more were our job specifications not so high. You must understand that we do not and cannot run an employment agency. That is not a W P A province. But many people do hear of our work and call, asking us to send graduates to them, and then all our questions are asked from the maid's point of view. It is not enough for a woman to exclaim indignantly, 'Oh, but I have a lovely home!' She must be able to guarantee in addition $40 a month or more, according to the size of the family and the amount of work to be done, a room of her own for the maid, and a reasonable amount of free time. Employers," she concluded drily, "are fully as much in need of training as are servants."

The girls who are taking the course look like far from unwilling apprentices. A class of eighteen were busily preparing lunch for themselves and their instructors at the Lindley Murray House on East 37th Street. Two were expertly sautéing fish fillets, several were making biscuits, and one girl was deftly forming butter balls with two wooden paddles. Others, with a certain amount of subdued chatter, were setting the tables, placing

HARLEM has one of the six training centers

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SERVING, and cooking meals, laundry, and all the domestic routine is studied for eight weeks under home economics graduates

the silver just—so. It was obvious that the course was developing poise and self-confidence along with the ability to serve. One young woman, a widow with a baby son, confided that she hoped to find a place as a waitress, so that she could make a home for herself and her child. "I put him in the day nursery now," she said. "He's learning lots there with the other children, and they give him a good lunch, and it's only twenty-five cents a day. He's getting along fine."

Sonya, a sturdy, voluble youngster of eighteen or so, beamed with cheerfulness and general good will. She knew she'd get a good job, there were lots of good jobs, she said. "We learn so much, you have no idea how much! Like how to answer the telephone. And I never knew there was such a *special* way to make a bed. I'd never seen a bed made that way before. Oh, and we learn how to plan our work too, so that we'll be sure to have two hours' rest in the afternoon. . . . I only hope I'll work for someone who'll be really interested in me, and like me."

There are plenty of thorns in the path of the Household Training program. In the midst of the activities of a busy morning a husky young colored woman walked in and said she'd like to get a job. "Have you taken our training course?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes'm." She produced a diploma from the Harlem center.

"But you graduated last April!" the interviewer said. "Haven't you worked since then?"

"No. I been sick." The applicant's sulkiness could not dim the impression of radiant good health.

"Why have you come in now? Did they take you off relief?"

She had been off relief for a couple of weeks, it seemed. But then, she was still "ailing."

"You know very well your investigator wouldn't take you off relief and send you here if you were unable to work and in need of treatment," the interviewer said. She thumbed through her card file and read off the specifications of several available places, one of which the applicant finally and reluctantly agreed to look into, although she grumbled at the idea of taking the long subway ride " 'way off there."

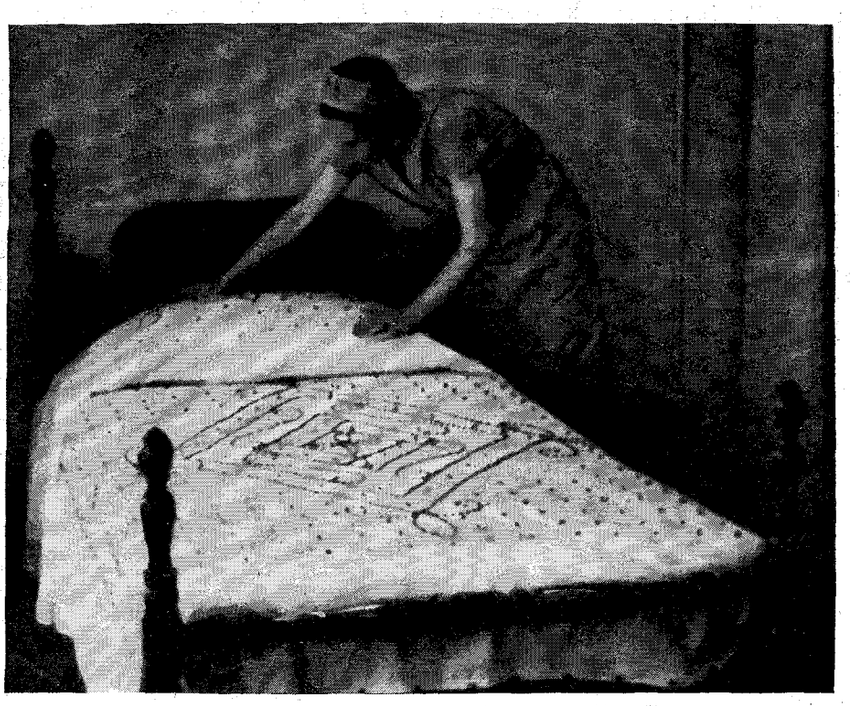
The interviewer spread her hands hopelessly. "She won't show up," she said. "She simply wanted the card so that she can tell her investigator she is looking for a job, and so be reinstated on relief. When they cut her off again she'll come back. We do have some like that. Thank goodness they aren't all that way."

Household Training program workers are the first to admit that they cannot make a leopard change its spots, or change a determined non-worker into a self-supporting and self-respecting employee. But they do feel that they are training the usable material at their command into the beginning of a solution to the domestic service problem, and to one small corner of the unemployment problem as well.

New York officials of the W P A hope to inaugurate what they call a three-way plan, involving the coöperation of three major agencies for correcting unemployment. Under this plan, statistics of the State Employment Bureaus and of private industry would be used to gauge the permanent and seasonal demand for various types of skilled workers. Men and women who could be trained to fill these jobs would be referred through Relief Bureau agencies to specific W P A training courses. Work on this plan has been under way for some time, it is said, and W P A and E R B directors expressed the hope of seeing it in effect sometime this fall.

On the other hand, State Employment Bureau authorities deny ever having heard of such a plan, or that they contemplate taking part in it.

If relief rolls are to be more quickly reduced, if training of the unemployed for specific industrial needs is ever to be substituted for haphazard methods, surely unselfish coöperation among all bureaus working to this end is the first essential. But the millenium does not seem to be around the next corner.—*Judith Alden*



"I NEVER KNEW there was a special way to make a bed!" said Sonya, W P A student

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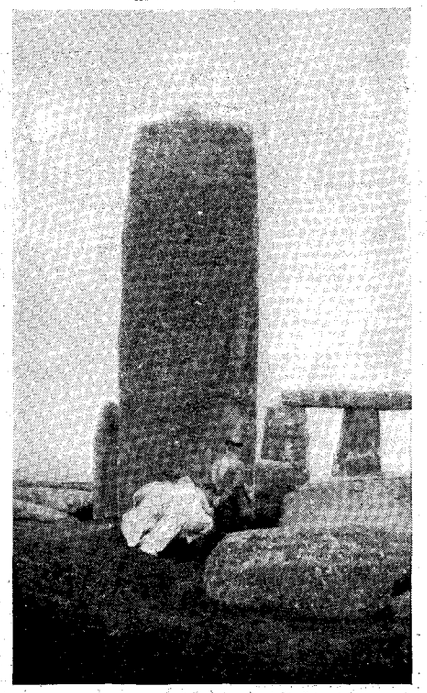
THREE DIGEST PHOTOS BY MORRILL CODY

STONES TO SALISBURY



29 FEET high tower single stones

IF YOU are one of the thousands of mystery fans who revels in the English mystery story in which the squire, the curate, and the butler are involved in the murder of the handsome heiress, you might turn your attention to England's greatest of real mysteries. All the evidence there is has been collected for you; only the key to the mystery is missing.

About seven miles north of Salisbury (where shines one of the brightest jewels in England's treasury of cathedrals), on the rolling grassy sweep of Salisbury Plain, stands the greatest antiquity of the British Isles—Stonehenge.

Who built this great stone circle? How? When? And for what?

For hundreds of years antiquarians and archeologists, astronomers even, have argued back and forth, adopting and discarding theories, sifting evidence, and still the secret eludes them. At least there is little general agreement among them.

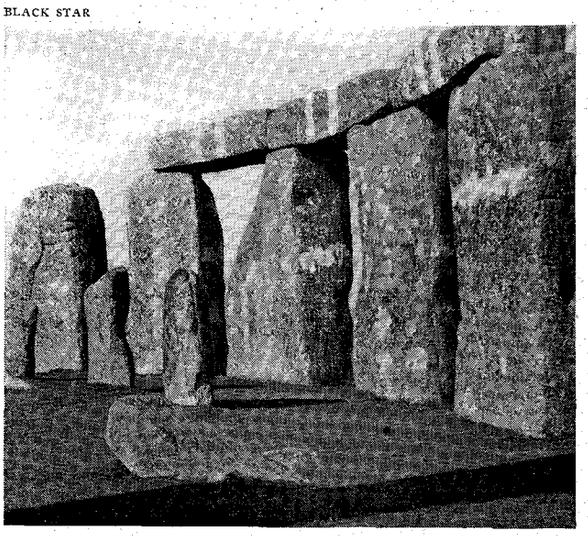
The huge cromlech has been variously believed to be a temple for sun and serpent worship; a calendar in stone to measure the solar year; a burial ground; a planetarium for studying the stars. It has been attributed to Neolithic man of both the Mediterranean and Alpine races; to the Druids and even to the early Christians, although these latter theories are now discredited. The transportation of the "foreign stones" to Stonehenge (the nearest spot where such stones are now found being Pembrokeshire, some 180 miles away) has been explained by glacial drift and by the pleasing notion that they were carried by giants from Ireland, but both explanations have been discarded.

Certain it is that the plan of Stonehenge—two concentric circles surrounding two horseshoes, with an altar stone at the closed end of the innermost horseshoe—is laid out on an axial line to the north east, and a man standing on the altar stone at dawn on Midsummer's Day, looking down the Avenue would see the sun rise over a marking stone (the Friar's Heel) some 80 yards away. The fact that the sun rises thus over the "Sun Stone" but not exactly over its central groove led Sir Norman Lockyer to calculate on the basis of the precession of the Equinoxes (which causes the sun to rise slightly more to the east each day) that on June 21, 1680 B. C. the sun did rise exactly in a direct line with the center of the circle. Allowing a few hundred years for a margin of error, this would put the probable date of the erection of Stonehenge nearly 4,000 years ago.

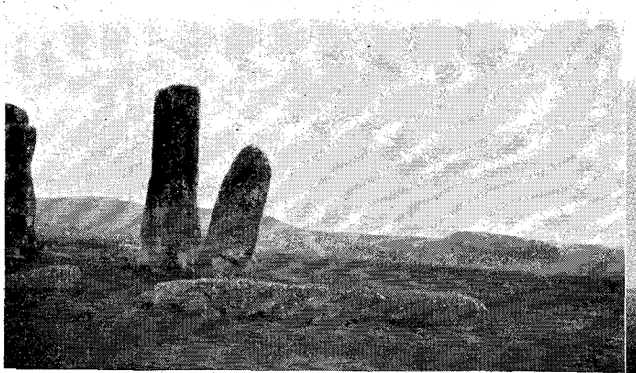
Excavations have revealed such implements of the late stone age as stone hammers weighing 50 pounds and more, flint chisels, and picks made of antlers of the red deer. No tools of bronze have been found in the excavations of Stonehenge itself, but the barrows (burial mounds) nearby are rich in ornaments of gold, bronze, amber, glass and jet.

Sun temple and burial ground are the two theories of the purpose of Stonehenge now most generally approved. It is conceivable that both are correct, just as it is conceivable that the Mediterranean man and Alpine man—the first with his chambered tombs, the second, the pioneer of agriculture, and, therefore, a sun-worshiper—mingled and produced Stonehenge. But what principles of engineering were used to transport and erect these monstrous stones, remains a mystery.

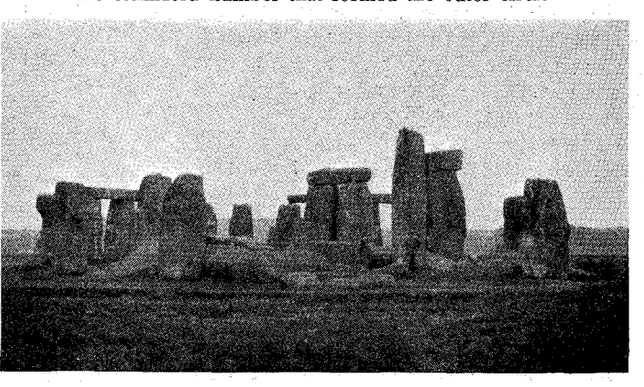
BLACK STAR



TENONS atop the menhirs (standing stones) fit into mortises in the lintels laid across them



BEFORE THE WHEEL was thought of these *monoliths, some weighing forty tons, were set in place*



SIXTEEN stones still stand of the original thirty, the estimated number that formed the outer circle

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PRO —— AMERICAN

***SUPPORTING** active measures to ensure American neutrality, as a sound principle for maintaining peace*

AMERICANS with a realistic understanding of world conditions know that the neutrality policy being followed by the United States is important because of the precedents which will be set. But it is America's peace for the future which is at stake —the real wars are coming. To insure that the bulwarks of neutrality will hold when these vital tests come, they must be made hole-proof now and placed beyond the caprice of any man.

—*Christian Century*

HITHERTO we have insisted on neutral rules and this has led us into three wars. The insistence on freedom of the seas is fatal if nations are to escape being dragged into war. If we are to escape that cataclysm toward which the present mad race in armaments is tending, there must be wide-spread public demand for a new and definite relinquishment of our former dangerous position.

Naturally rigid neutrality measures would prevent the enormous profits made by some 20,000 Americans during the world war. But it would also save terrific loss to the majority.

—Lucia Ames Mead

THE POLICY of the United States government is to remain unentangled and free. Let us follow that policy. Let us remain unentangled and free. Let us make no alliances. Let us make no commitments.

We shall be very fortunate if we are wise enough to decide what we must do in the situation right before our eyes. We shall need all the wisdom we can find to cross the bridge that we are now trying to cross without deciding also how our successors shall cross the bridges that they will have to cross.

—Walter Lippmann

NO foreign nation doubts its capacity to stay neutral if it wants to. This lack of confidence is peculiarly an American prepossession. We became involved in the world war because there were strong interests who wanted us drawn in, but Holland and the Scandinavian countries, infinitely more harassed than the United States, were perfectly able to remain neutral and still enjoy the respect of the belligerents and of historians.

—Edwin Borchard in *Today*

TRUE, we are a big nation. True, we shall be bawled at, wheedled, deceived, ridiculed, told that we should be ashamed of our selfish isolation, stamped as cowardly. But we must stand firm. Whether our motive is to save our own skins or to save the world, the course we follow must be the same—complete neutrality. We can let no pressure of propaganda swerve us to one side or the other. There is no such thing as partial neutrality. The only way to be neutral is to be neutral.

—*Woman's Home Companion*

A HARD and fast policy of neutrality that can be changed only by vote of Congress is one of the country's best safeguards against becoming entangled in another world war.

Why should we sell armaments and implements of war to nations preparing for war for the sake of profits, greed and blood money, which may also be used against our own soldiers? Why should we prepare the nations of the world for war and become the symbol of arms and armaments and the dollar sign for wholesale slaughter? We have signed the Briand-Kellogg pact to renounce war as an instrument of national policy, except for national defense. Having outlawed war, it is only logical and proper that the next step should be to outlaw the sale of ammunition and implements of war.

One of the main essentials of keeping America out of the coming war is that the American people acknowledge fully and absolutely the utter futility of entering war twenty years ago. Every one of the causes for which we presumably entered that war was a lost cause.

—Gerald P. Nye, Senator from North Dakota

OF COURSE it would cost us a great deal for genuine neutrality. No one tries to disguise that fact. Anyone interested in peace admits that we have to pay a price to keep peace. But the price of peace should be contrasted with the cost of war, which any failure to keep strict neutrality might well lead us into.

—Arthur H. Vandenberg, Senator from Michigan

ONE WAR may indeed differ from another by its motives, by its goal, by its necessity, by its justice or injustice; that can be of greatest importance to the belligerents; that can and should influence the peace, the damages, and all the accessory considerations, but that is absolutely none of the business of the neutral powers.

—Andreas Peter, Count von Bernstorff

Keep your shirt on—*The Oregonian*

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NEUTRALITY — CON

***OPPOSING** dependence on neutrality measures, as basically unsound or unworkable national policies*

NO NATION is completely self-contained for the purposes of supply in war. Can it be supposed that other nations which look to us in peace for their supply of wheat and cotton—both also indispensable for war—would not regard it as a stab in the back if we cut off their supply in time of great national danger?

A neutral can maintain freedom of the seas only if it is willing and prepared to fight for it.

—Bernard M. Baruch

EVEN if we keep our men at home, we'll pay in a lower standard of living here and decreased trade relations. The world is too closely knit together for one part to go broke and the other not to feel it.

Therefore it might be far-sighted if we gave thought now to helping those other nations keep out of war, instead of thinking only how we can keep out of a war. Just wishing isn't enough.

—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

NEUTRALITY is an impossible issue. The failure of the United States to join the League of Nations was the greatest single tragedy of the post-war period.

America never has been, and now less than ever will be, able to keep out of war. From Thomas Jefferson to Woodrow Wilson neutrality legislation has failed of its purpose, and because of the complexities of modern life and the universal character of war, even the idea of neutrality today has little meaning. It is predicated upon a condition of international life that has long since passed, and in the face of the present world crisis it is a policy of faint-heartedness.

Most important of all, we should not consider that in having passed neutrality legislation we have drafted an adequate foreign policy for this country. We are trying to stay out of war rather than prevent it.

—Clark M. Eichelberger

WITH fighting raging in several sections of the world, and with discussions of the next war becoming more frequent, we in this country are again faced with the problem of neutrality. If and when the cataclysm arrives, will we be able to stay out?

Where did the notion come from that it is possible for a nation to remain out of a war and have special rights and duties because of this attitude? For in primitive times each fight was everyone's fight and when tribe made war on tribe, all the neighbors joined in the fun.

To-day the neutral has a theoretical status, but in the heat of war, the rights of unarmed neutrals are often forgotten.

Despite the development which has been made through the centuries, our experience has shown that it is when we are defending our neutrality that we are involved in wars.

—Betty Kalisher in the Baltimore *Sun*

COMMERCIAL intercourse between a neutral and a belligerent benefits both parties. To interrupt the intercourse deprives the belligerent of a measure of benefit, therefore the other belligerent seeks to interrupt. The effect on the neutral is of secondary importance and is so considered, if it is considered at all. It is unfortunate but cannot be helped, so the belligerent asserts.

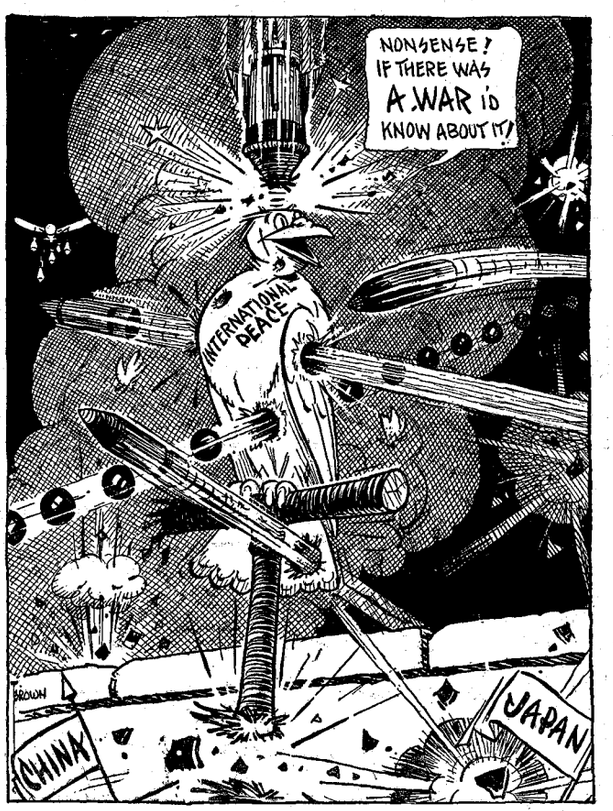
It is obvious that with the belligerent powers desperate and lawless, a neutral government seeking to preserve the commercial rights of its citizens has a well nigh hopeless task. What can be done? Appeal to established rules governing a belligerent's treatment of neutrals? How much attention would be paid to it? Threaten the offender with retaliation? What would be the use of that? Would it have any more effect than an appeal? To threaten without carrying out the threat would be useless. What else is there to do except to complain and reserve all rights, unless the neutral is prepared to enter the war?

—Robert Lansing in *New York Times Magazine*

THE more one studies the neutrality idea the more holes appear in it. Admittedly it would weaken the moral influence of the United States in a wicked world where the words of a country's spokesman are weighty or not according to the eventual force which lies behind them. But, on the positive side, it is harder to make the entries.

A heavy sacrifice in trade would be called for. But that would not be so important were it balanced by advantages. And they are hard to see. The idea that we will give up neutral rights and still maintain freedom-of-the-seas rights just does not make common sense. If we surrender our neutral trading rights we have no need for freedom of the seas. If we stick to freedom of the seas that is no good unless we protect our trade.

—Edwin L. James in *New York Times*



All quiet along the Eastern front
—New York Herald-Tribune

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A WEEKLY DIGEST *of the best in print*

READING

Lovers of the Iron Horse — **J. C. Furnas**
From *Saturday Evening Post*

Messrs. Cohen and Corcoran — **John T. Flynn**
From *The New Republic*

Managing Ourselves — **An Editorial**
From *The Sun,* Baltimore

White House Ladies — **D. Fleeson and J. O'Donnell**
From the *Daily News*

Down in the Depths — **Capt. John Craig**
From *Cosmopolitan*

Marriage Preferred — **Ira S. Wile**
From *This Week*

Birth of a Gown — **Martine Renier**
From *L'Echo de Paris*

Miracle Metal — **Lonnelle Davison**
From *The National Geographic*

Is F. D. R. Slipping? — **Ray Tucker**
From *The Magazine of Wall Street*

Compulsory Courtship — **An Editorial**
From *The New York Times*

Becoming a Novelist — **Sinclair Lewis**
From *Breaking Into Print*

Drought in Morocco — **M. De Lyee De Belleau**
From *Revue des Deux Mondes*

Bootleg Buses — **Orla St. Clair**
From *Scribner's Magazine*

Newspapers • Magazines • Books

Lovers of the Iron Horse

From "Saturday Evening Post"

By J. C. Furnas

DOROTHY looks like a locomotive crossed with a small streetcar. Technically she is an inspection engine. The roof, walls, windows and seats slung packsaddle-wise across her low boiler once accommodated the officials of a coal railroad. She was named after the daughter of the president of the road.

There came a day when she was to be sold for junk. Word of her approaching end spread rapidly and, just in time, here was the hero rushing in from the wings to strike a who-touches-a-hair-of-yon-gray-head attitude.

After listening to his impassioned plea on Dorothy's behalf, the line said, very well, for fifty dollars he could have her, soul and body. It cost him $500 more to transport her to his property, and heaven knows what to build a neat engine house for her to live in and 700 feet of standard-gauge track for her to run on. But expense was no object when a lady was to be rescued from the acetylene torch.

Most people would be ill-advised to buy her, since a full-sized locomotive is expensive to maintain. Yet, on first hearing of Dorothy, most men feel a distinct twitching in the region of the wallet. The only difference between them and Dorothy's savior is that, being a banker, he had both the courage of his pulses and lots of money. Buying Dorothy was just his way of expressing the normal fascination that railroading exerts over the average American male, who has always been an utter sucker for the hell-snorting iron horse, the click of wheels on the rails and the far, rushing wail of the locomotive whistle.

Railroading exerts a normal fascination over the average American male. A certain private railroader years ago so relished that sound, in fact, that his private narrow-gauge locomotive was fitted with five different whistles. His friends grew so fond of blowing them that the sheriff had to intervene in the interests of peace and quiet. Once that hypersensitiveness to railroading gets chronic, as it often does, the victim can merely figure out what kind of railroad fan he wants to be and be it as far as his finances and leisure time allow. The term "railroad fan" takes in as many kinds of people and attitudes—fake and genuine, rich and poor, sane and goofy, serious and frivolous—as the word "artist." He is so keen on railroading that he curries favor with train crews and officials until they let him spend his week ends and holidays firing locomotive boilers on regular runs. The regular fireman merely sits and looks on, astonished, no doubt, but also approving, for a good fireman is proud of his job and can readily understand why it is fascinating.

One man in Connecticut has over ninety different types of old railroad lanterns. Others go in for oil cans, sections of old rail, rear-end lanterns, old tickets, railroad stocks and bonds—canceled, since this is not a gag—timetables, flagstaffs, and the grand old colored lithographs that pre-Civil War locomotive makers used to put out as advertising, which last may be worth as much as $150 apiece. An eminent fan out in Jersey has planted, in his back yard, two genuine railroad block signals, operating from remote control and in crack working order, which fascinate not only him but every kid in the neighborhood. Another recently insisted on renting a suburban house down by the tracks so he could wave to the train crews as the trains went by. A third has, for years and years, walked two miles every day in a small upstate New York town to see the Century go by.

The new King, George VI, is probably the most famous model railroader, outranking even King Boris of Bulgaria, and Wallace Beery. And the English, who were the first organized model railroaders, are still head and shoulders in advance of the rest of the world, with individual model clubs whose memberships run into thousands. But the movement is thoroughly at home in the United States, and growing every minute, partly, no doubt, because of its highly democratic character.

Messrs. Cohen and Corcoran

From "The New Republic"

By John T. Flynn

THE *Saturday Evening Post* has taken a vicious punch at Tom Corcoran and down in Washington the blow has given a great deal of delight to a lot of people. Tom Corcoran and the other member of his team—Ben Cohen—are now feeling the influence of a natural and well-known phenomenon which plays about all thrones. The sovereign sits in the center of a series of circles. Each circle holds its place near to the monarch only by fighting off a savage and ceaseless attack from the circle just beyond it. It has been the peculiar misfortune of Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen that the circle they occupied, moving always closer to the center, got there at the end of the first administration and just in time to be a sort of welcoming party to the

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AROUND THE WORLD

chickens of the earlier brain trusters as they were coming home to roost.

There has been no end of misconception of the part of these two able citizens in the work of the New Deal. First of all, they never came very near to the White House until before the election of 1936. Before that they went their way industriously and loyally in the preparation of certain legislation and their contacts with the President were through others.

In the second place, their work on legislation has been limited to a small number of bills—but very important ones. First was the Securities Act of 1933, then the Stock Exchange bill of 1934, then the Public Utilities Holding Company bill and perhaps one or two others. They had absolutely nothing to do with the NRA, the AAA or the Guffey Act. And one interesting feature of their experience has been that while so much of the President's legislative program was knocked out as unconstitutional, not one of the bills handled by Corcoran and Cohen has been touched. And it is also a singular fact that the measures they have managed have come in for the least denunciation by the angry conservative groups that fight the President. Also, and this is most significant of all, the largest amount of venom spat out in Washington at these two men comes, not from the hard-shelled Tories, but from those former New-Deal favorites who have lost their place in the first circle and blame Tom Corcoran for their expulsion. Indeed I have every reason to believe that *The Saturday Evening Post* article was inspired, not by some staunch American trembling over the fate of his country at the hands of the "hot dogs," but by some erstwhile collaborator in the work of ruining the country.

All or at least most of the former aids of the President have been busy feathering their nests, hunting up prosperous connections for themselves, some of them with the very enemy itself. Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen have stuck on.

Managing Ourselves

From "The Sun," Baltimore

IN this country, allowing for all exceptions, the underlying rule has been to permit people to manage their own affairs and to keep the Government at arm's length. And, however great our deficiencies as against some conception of an ideal state, we seem to have done very well in comparison with most of the other nations.

Nobody hears of the under-privileged, or their spokesmen, asking for German or Italian conditions. Lately, the most Soviet-obsessed of the radicals has not dared present Russia as a land of peace and plenty. And even England, habitually set up by our friends-in-a-hurry as the advanced example of social control within capitalism, somehow manages to send most sensitive American visitors into a state of melancholy by the number of under-nourished people who are seen on the streets of London and other great cities.

As a working rule, in an imperfect and perhaps imperfectible world, managing your own business seems to have certain advantages—not because private individuals are so much better, but because public functionaries often are so much worse.

Ladies of the White House

From the "Daily News"

By D. Fleeson and J. O'Donnell

THERE has never been a bobbed head in the White House. And not in thirty years has there been a first Lady of the Land who was a blonde—either naturally or by artifice.

These conservative notes in a capital torn by the appointment of a radical to the Supreme Court were introduced by M. Leon, hairdresser to the White House during the greater part of the thirty years his shop of Leon and Jules has occupied the same spot in downtown Washington.

The bobbed-hair record came dangerously close to being broken, however, and not by the New Deal but in the reign of the conservatives' delight, cautious Calvin Coolidge.

The handsome and gracious Mrs. Grace Coolidge, a devotee of the vogue, who enjoyed following the fashion and took exceptional pains to appear soignee, longed to cut her heavy dark hair as all her friends during that post-war period of prosperity, the early twenties, were doing. She talked of it and, wonderful to relate, won her conservative husband's consent. But she had reckoned without her older son, John, who in this instance outdid his father in belief that the old ways were best.

John protested, begged his mother not to cut her long, wavy locks. She didn't

Mrs. Coolidge, incidentally, was a victim of the vogue she liked to follow. Those were the days when skirts were really perilously close to the kneecap.

Thus, when Mrs. Coolidge in accordance with custom had to send an evening dress to the Smithsonian Institution, she had only short frocks to choose from. She sent over a favorite and fashionable pink crêpe—knee length. The Smithsonian duly draped it on its Mrs. Coolidge mannequin and placed the replica in its room of First Ladies of the Land for the sightseers of the nation to view.

As the styles changed and glamorous sweeping skirts for evening came into fashion, the short skirt speedily looked out of style and was without any picturesqueness of its own to redeem it.

Apparently realizing the pink crêpe was beginning to look rather extreme, Mrs. Coolidge soon replaced it with a green moire, also short but not so short as the pink, but at the time the Smithsonian tourists saw her in green. Then she made

CARTOON OF THE WEEK—
The Mikado—revised version:

My object all sublime
Has changed in course of time;
The punishment now precedes the crime;
It now precedes the crime!—*Glasgow Record*

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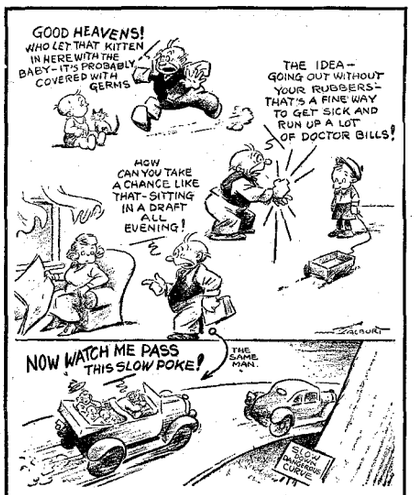

GOOD HEAVENS! WHO LET THAT KITTEN IN HERE WITH THE BABY - IT'S PROBABLY COVERED WITH GERMS
THE IDEA - GOING OUT WITHOUT YOUR RUBBERS - THAT'S A FINE WAY TO GET SICK AND RUN UP A LOT OF DOCTOR BILLS!
HOW CAN YOU TAKE A CHANCE LIKE THAT - SITTING IN A DRAFT ALL EVENING!
NOW WATCH ME PASS THIS SLOW POKE!
THE SAME MAN.
SLOW DRIVING CURVE AHEAD

Why morticians continue to thrive!—*Des Moines Register*

still a third switch. Now the mannequin representing her is garbed in a rich coral velvet with a three tiered skirt and a train. The velvet is still short by modern standards but is longer than the other two —probably the longest evening frock she had in her White House wardrobe.

Down in the Depths

From "Cosmopolitan"

By Captain John Craig

I WISH I could convey in words the sort of waking dream, or contented somnambulism, that is the diver's experience on the bottom of the sea. The concentrated oxygen he breathes intoxicates him; the nitrogen pressure in his blood numbs his nerves. Independent thought becomes almost impossible; in fact, to work efficiently when diving, one should mentally review just what one is going to do before going down. The mind somehow races far ahead of muscular action and loses itself. The diver below feels no nostalgia for the bright and colorful earth he has left. He would be willing to stay down forever.

All motion relaxes to an unreal leisureliness, something like that of a slow-motion picture. Before the glass plate of the diver's helmet stretches a landscape curiously like that of the surface, yet which might as well be on the moon. There are hills and valleys, cliffs and grottoes, glades and thickets. The great seaweeds are trees and forests; the fish are poised birds. A silvery, greenish light pervades everything, for red colors disappear to the eye twenty feet under the surface, and orange shades last only to one hundred feet or so.

The silence is that of interplanetary space. You hear only the thump of your own heart, the sighing of breath in your lungs, and sometimes the distant *tunk-tunk* of the air pump. Add to this the fact that even in the tropics the water at any considerable depth is only slightly above the freezing point in temperature, and you have something of the impression.

Marriage Preferred

From "This Week"

By Ira S. Wile

DEAN Gildersleeve of Barnard has announced that this year's crop of college graduates is more interested in homes than in careers. Undoubtedly one reason is that more of the "average" girls of the community are going to college than ever before, as indicated by the fact that college girls have increased a thousand per cent since 1900.

The second reason is the general trend toward matrimony among American women as a whole. The increase, between 1920 and 1930, in the percentage of married women was quite marked, the marriage rate making its biggest jump in the ages of 20 to 24, the years of college life.

It still seems to be true, though, that the more education a girl has, the less likely she is to marry. Of course we have no complete figures, but certain surveys which have been made indicate that only 38 per cent of women physicians—all of whom are college graduates—are married. The same surveys show that 35 per cent of women educators, of whom a little over 75 per cent are college graduates, have married

For those who are interested in speculating about their own marriage future, there are also interesting statistics which show the relation between occupation and the age when the knot is usually tied. These give the average marriage age for unskilled women workers as a little over 18. Skilled workers wait about a year longer; clerks tend to marry when they are a little over 21, and professional women when they are between 23 and 24.

Japan's Soldiers Speak

From "The East Comes Nearer"

By Hessell Tiltman

THE most important document in the whole written Constitution of the Japanese Empire is not concerned with rights but with duties. It is the "Imperial Precepts to Soldiers and Sailors" signed by the Emperor.

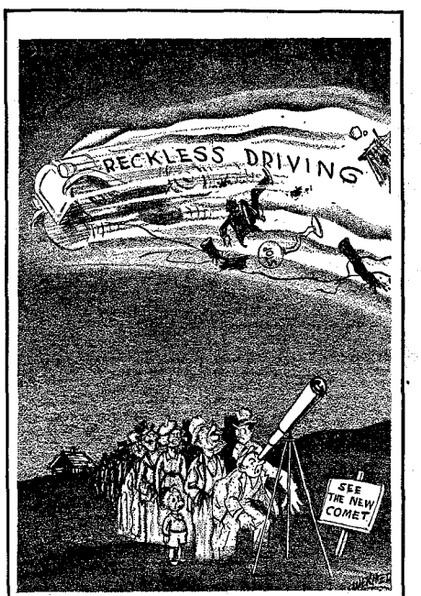
I recently talked, in Japan, with a group of conscripts who had that week returned after two years on "active service" in Manchuria. All of them were the sons of poor farmers, and all had been enrolled into the Japanese infantry, under the conscription law, at the age of twenty.

Not only were they agreed that it was a great honor to be permitted to wear the uniform of Dai Nippon Teikoku Tenno—the Emperor of Great Japan—but all emphasized that during their periods of active service they had experienced a standard of comfort and well-being which it was only too probable they would not, as impoverished rural farmers, ever know again. To them, and to thousands of their kind, service in the ranks of the Japanese army, it was clear, was regarded as a "cushy job."

One of their number, acting as spokesman for the rest, explained that their main activity had been "cleaning up troublesome Chinese elements" in Manchukuo. He expressed astonishment that anyone in that country should be so backward as not to recognize the benefits which would accrue to the population from Japanese-inspired rule. He explained the plans which "our Generals" had formulated to safeguard the new state and Japanese interests generally on the mainland. On all these points he assumed that no sane person would question the right—indeed, the duty—of the Japanese to expand her interests as dictated by the national good. Nor, at any point in the interview, was the civil government at Tokyo, or the Imperial Diet, mentioned at all. It was clear that, in the views of these typical members of the rank and file of the Japanese forces, the aims of Japan in China or any other parts of Asia were solely a matter for the military High Command, who could be trusted completely to act with selfless devotion to their national ideals.

I inquired concerning their views on the possibility of war.

"The Japanese army and navy are instruments for maintaining peace—not making war unless it is thrust upon us," was the answer. "Peace in East Asia has been maintained because our regiments and other regiments of the Japanese army have been the ever-wakeful watchdogs of East Asia. Manchukuo is today more peaceful than ever before. We are taking



The one in the heavens is harmless.—*The Daily Oklahoman*

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peace to North China—clearing it of bandits and Communists.

"It is our historic mission to bring peace and well-being to Asia. We trust it may be possible to do this by peaceful methods. But if not, then we must fight for peace. Civilization cannot be kept back, and in the Far East it is the Japanese spirit which represents civilization."

I inquired who told them that.

"We learned it at school," was the reply. "And events prove that it is true." (Lippincott, $3.00)

Birth of a Gown

From "L'Echo De Paris"

By Martine Renier

FRENCH fashion's Big Week comes in August. But the people who crowd Paris at that time are not fashionable; they are men in wrinkled vests, their pockets bulging with note-books, and ladies in glasses. They are buyers, coming from all over the world to see the latest French creations.

These are anxious days for the arbiters of fashion. As a stylist said: "Jean Patou is a gambler who stakes his fortune twice a year on the August and February shows." This is hardly an exaggeration for an unsuccessful "collection" reflects on the next one, and it is hard to regain prestige once it has been lost. A poor collection does not mean, of course, that the gowns are ill-made or badly matched —that is practically impossible with a good couturier. It simply means that they are too individual or not individual enough —briefly, that they do not catch.

Consequently months of intense work, sleepless nights and feverish days go into the making of a gown. Before beginning her new line, the creator of a gown has scoured the manufacturers of Lyons and the North for fabrics and colors. She often suggests and directs experiments in dyeing to attain a shade that has struck her fancy. Then come lengthy interviews with Parisian craftsmen. Each one has a buckle, a flower or a belt to suggest. She must decide on a bag for a tailleur, a jewel to brighten a dull crèpe.

Then in a great, light studio come the first fittings. With them the entire house is seized with a fever. The phones ring incessantly. Everybody is late, manufacturers, dyers, trimmers, Mannequins, exhausted by long fittings, burst into tears or faint. Even the creator herself is affected. She is haunted by the fear that the gown will never be ready in time for the Show.

Last of all comes the verdict of the commercial manager. "What, this fabric costs 700 francs a yard? Then the gown is useless. Nobody will buy it at that price." Another has to be altered so that it can pass the United States customs barrier.

Naturally, nothing is quite ready five minutes before the opening. And yet a carefully sifted crowd is arriving. To be admitted, you must show your credentials as a bona fide buyer, since many outsiders would be glad to steal an idea or copy a creation. Finally, among a great flutter of opening note-books, the first model appears.

Her glittering gown is as new and fresh as a rose plucked early in the morning. The beautiful model who wears it advances conscious of victory. For the buyers will exchange their dollars, marks and duros for the inestimable treasure of French elegance.

The land of gimme gimme.—*The Dallas Journal*

Dictatorship in Greece

From "The Nation"

By Julian Bach, Jr.

THE Greeks have two words for it. Officially it is called *Neon Kratos* (the new state); but to most of the people living under it, it is simply the Mailed Fist. Supported by the King, the armed forces, some large landowners, and a dwindling number of industrialists, General Jean Metaxas, the seventy-nine-year-old dictator, is dancing on glass as he celebrates the first anniversary of his accession to power. He is a dictator without popular support and with no organized political party behind him.

Since the night of August 4, 1936, when, as Prime Minister, General Metaxas declared martial law, dissolved parliamentary and constitutional government, and banned the old parties, the new dictatorship has become increasingly fascist. Metaxas—a star graduate of the *Kriegsakademie* in Berlin; an officer whom the former German Kaiser recommended; a "Little Moltke," as he was called, and finally, a chief of staff to the former pro-German King Constantine—now tears leaf after leaf from Hitler's notebook. "Liberty," he remarks, "is a nineteenth-century illusion."

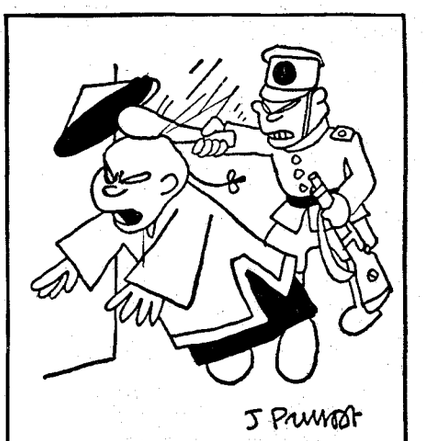
The press has been completely hogtied. Editors are sometimes given even the headlines to use on the government propaganda articles which they must print. Only the most favorable reports about Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco are published. In January a Yugoslavian and a Turkish journalist were expelled, and today all non-fascist correspondents stand on brittle ground. At one point an estimated 70 per cent of the mail was being opened.

Greece is following the fascist orbit on all points. Her diplomacy falls increasingly within the Rome-Berlin axis, and the most important half of her foreign trade is in German hands. Dr. Schacht and the Reichsbank hold Greece by the short hair.

The Nazis have naturally followed up their economic penetration with military and cultural liaisons. Whether it is in the new Greek radio station, or in the field of railroad supplies, or consumers' goods, or even tourists and children's governesses, Nazi influence is steadily increasing. The students in the German and Italian schools publicly give King George the fascist salute. Even the French-model helmets which Greek troops formerly wore have now been replaced by new German ones, made in Greece.

Meanwhile the government in Athens attempts to build a new Sparta. The dictatorship is officially justified as a necessary antidote to the 1936 "Communist menace." The government claims to have saved Greece from becoming a second Spain. Few Greeks and scarcely any observers will agree. It is true, however, that the serious general strikes at Salonika and Bolo, and the threatened general strike in Athens were extremely disturbing.

The Lord Byron view of Greece may be untenable—there is certainly no reason for getting sentimental over the rather violent and quite muddy democracy of modern Hellas—but the mailed fist of an ambitious politician is surely not to be chosen as an alternative.



"Don't shout like that—haven't I told you that we are going to sign a pact?"—*Oeuvre, Paris*

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Miracle Metal

From "The National Geographic"

By Lonnelle Davison

IF you were to ask a bride what her platinum wedding ring has in common with armament races, she probably would stare at you in bewilderment.

Yet the same metal that goes into her marital badge also is an important element in the manufacture of munitions. It serves the armament maker in fine fuse wire for torpedoes and shells; indirectly, it acts as chemical agent in the production of nitric and sulphuric acids, used together in making explosives.

Because of its versatility, platinum "is all things to all people." Unseen, it may do duty for the housewife as a contact point in her telephone. In a gleaming necklace it may complement the throat of a theatrical star. The chemist, melting substances at high temperatures in a platinum crucible, finds still other uses for the metal—as do doctors, dentists, photographers, and inventors. It even describes a type of Hollywood blonde!

Fifty years ago we had no radio communication, no X-ray, no transcontinental or oceanic telephone, to name but a few man-made miracles in which the platinum metals play a small but vital part.

In airplanes now platinum is standard contact metal for high-tension magnetos.

Photographic papers use platinum, as do submarine detectors and earthquake recorders. In commercial blasting miles of platinum-iridium in fuse wire annually hurry into oblivion.

Because they give high reflection and do not tarnish, palladium and rhodium are applied in the form of outer plating to reflectors used in connection with theatrical lighting and motion-picture projection. Much of our costume jewelry has been "flashed" with rhodium, this plate being easily applied and retaining luster.

Indirectly, the platinum group even plays a part in the production of steel, foodstuffs, textiles, cement, leather, oil.

Science's gift to industry!

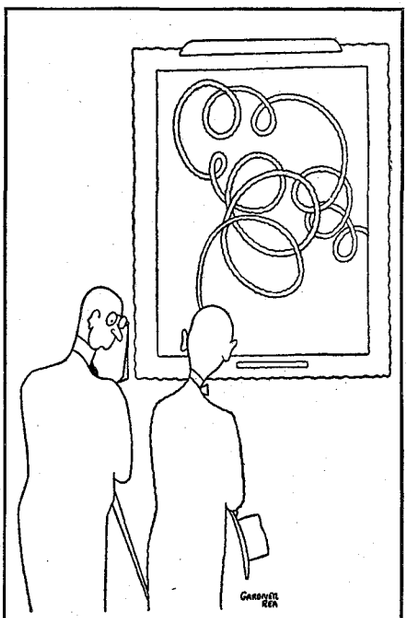
Fountain pens became practical when an alloy of two of the platinum group was found to make a wear- and acid-resisting point. Because a form of platinum reduced to powder ignites alcohol vapor in the presence of air, certain kinds of cigarette and cigar lighters are possible.

A farmer who may be indifferent to platinum bracelets can still appreciate platinum's agency as a catalyst in making synthetic nitrates for fertilizer.

In your electric refrigerator and thermostat heat-control unit a thin strip of metal changes shape as temperature rises or falls, making or breaking electrical contact and thus starting or shutting off the motor. Since platinum offers high resistance to hot electric sparks, it is particularly useful here for contact points.

From obsolete telephone equipment thousands of ounces of platinum, palladium and gold are salvaged annually—minute quantities from each piece. After the metal has been put through special processes, back into service it goes in the form of more contact points. Platinum and palladium are important factors in radio and long-distance telephony.

Dentists use a large proportion of our annual supply in alloys for bridgework, foil, and fillings. And when you are sick the doctor may puncture you with an iridio-platinum-tipped hypodermic needle. War surgeons find many practical uses for these metals. One World War flyer has 17 bone replacements of platinum.



"To me, it looks like the British foreign policy."—*New Masses*

People now living can remember when platinum jewelry was a novelty. Long before platinum was used in legitimate coinage, this metal was circulated as money—but gilded and in counterfeit of gold.

"Throw it into the sea. Bury it," fumed the Spanish Government when racketeers of the day began palming off the new white substance from South America for good gold doubloons.

"I have even seen United States gold pieces counterfeited in platinum," said a coin collector.

Crude platinum ingots, too, were sold for gold in early times. Counterfeiters operating in a certain South American port were hanged from the yardarms of their own ship when Dutch buyers learned of their trickery.

Indeed, so lightly regarded was the metal that it was discarded as waste in gold refining, although later there often was strenuous effort to get it back.

One man destroyed his entire house, finding enough precious metal to buy a new one, with a small fortune to boot.

Only recently, therefore, has platinum come into wide use. In verse and fiction it is the gold rush or silver bonanza that grips imagination. Few realize that platinum, too, lures men to drag tropical rivers and thaw frozen northlands, and, still more provocative, to conjure it, genielike, out of intricate chemical processes.

Is F. D. R. Slipping?

From "The Magazine of Wall Street"

By Ray Tucker

IT IS easy to exaggerate the loss in public esteem which Franklin D. Roosevelt has suffered in the last six months for reasons that must be patent to everybody who reads the newspapers—or the *Congressional Record*. The experts engaged in fondling the public pulse are too inclined to discover symptoms which accord with their political prejudices, and to furnish a faulty diagnosis to anti-Adminstration ambulance chasers. But no impartial or discerning student of national opinion at Washington denies that Mr. Roosevelt has struck the down grade—whether temporarily or permanently, none can tell yet. But the evidence that he has slipped "surprisingly" may have deep import to Wall Street and Main Street.

It means that he will no longer enjoy the influence he has exercised over Congressional decisions, administrative actions, party philosophy, and the politicos' day-by-day behavior. Politicians, even more shamelessly than hangers-on of the prize-fighting ring, are fair-weather friends. It is only because Congress senses a sag in his popularity that it has defied him more boldly and callously than it dared to flout Herbert Hoover.

A decline in popularity—and prestige—may work a deep change in Mr. Roosevelt himself; in fact, it has. A President on the toboggan, provided he recognizes in which direction he is heading, is not the same man he deemed himself to be when his star shone unchallenged and undarkened in the political heavens. The same laws of psychology that apply to a ditch-digger who loses confidence in his sand and shovel, also affect a Chief Executive.

He becomes cautious and prudent; he conserves his dwindling store of prestige. He becomes less willing to shoot the works, to force new reforms on the economic and political community, to cram his theories down the other fellow's throat. He begins to wonder whether he does know all the right answers—or even the right questions. It's true that the man in the White House has not yet been convinced that he is no longer the shining saviour of black March of 1933, but he is far too adept and astute to emulate the ostrich forever. Indeed, there are definite signs that at last he does recognize his

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fallibility and as well as his vulnerability.

Not long after Vice-President Garner went fishing down in Texas, the President indicated clearly that he could read handwriting when it was heavily underscored. He instructed the late "Joe" Robinson to obtain the best compromise he could on the court-packing plan; he ordered departmental heads to sequester 10 per cent of their appropriations for the 1938 fiscal year; he mildly rebuked John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. for the turmoil and trouble they had heaped upon him. In all these maneuvers the presidential fingers may have been crossed, but it is unfair to question his motives or objectives. The fact remains that he did respond—and bow—to adverse winds. No Chief Executive, not even Grover Cleveland or Theodore Roosevelt, ever raised such havoc with a dominant party as has Mr. Roosevelt.

It is needless to review the list of personal and political hatreds he has aroused. save to add that the seemingly impregnable Democratic party will never be the same again for many years. Even now, three years before it again asks the people to trust its sanity and solidarity, it amounts to little more than a "popular front." The solid, substantial members of the party expect to dislodge the New Dealers, bag and baggage, in 1940.

Mr. Roosevelt still has a tremendous hold on the so-called lower classes, the one-third so frequently advertised as "ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-clothed." But he has lost considerable strength among the middle classes once so devoted to him. They have not soured on him utterly, but they have become suspicious and restless. These middle millons of people are working and eating, and laying a little by for a not too rainy day, and they suspect that it would be wise for Washington to leave them alone.

Compulsory Courtship

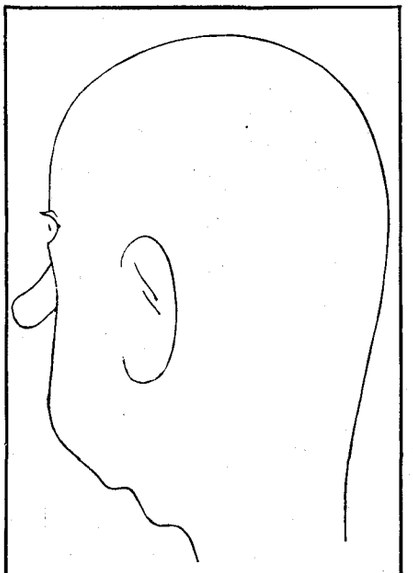
From "The New York Times"

SINGLE blessedness is not for the Hitler youth. Like the sorrows that do not come as single spies but in battalions, Germans of the new dispensation cannot get anywhere as individuals. To arrive, they must come in families. This, among other things, is what is meant by totalitarianism: as many as possible and all for one.

The new marriage qualification applies in a special sense, naturally, to the civil service. Herr Reinhardt, State Secretary of the Finance Ministry, has just promulgated a law making marriage compulsory for the young men in his department. It appears that too many of these bachelors have been holding back.

They have balked at marrying, excusing themselves on the ground that their salaries are inadequate. The new law meets that objection by providing increased salaries for married officials, and Herr Reinhardt warns the probationers that hereafter whether they get a job or not depends on their producing a bride as soon as their studies are over.

This announcement, expected to be made applicable to all branches of the civil service, is accompanied by the extension of the system of grants to large families. It is evident that despite loans, bonuses and incessant propaganda, the campaign for more mouths to feed, like the parallel drive for colonies and raw materials, does not produce the desired results. The policies of the Government itself prevent early marriage. Young men are obliged to give two years to military and six months to the labor service before they go to work. The effect of this in reducing the number of students in universities and technical schools is so sharply felt that it is necessary to lower the educational qualifications in many branches in the civil service, hitherto one of the best-trained in the world.



Latest German edict: "All hair must be delivered to the felt manufacturers."
—Nebelspalter, Zurich

The effect in solving the unemployment problem is easy to estimate. When the National Socialists boast, with reason, that in four years they have cut the number of the unemployed from an all-time high of 6,000,000 in 1933 to half a million today, one reason is that for two and a half years all the able-bodied young men are out of the labor market. This leaves a big gap for others to fill.

Another factor of unestimated but immense weight in creating what is announced as an actual labor shortage in Germany is the rearmament program. The war industries cover a gigantic field, including not only the manufacture of guns, airplanes, tanks, motor cycles, explosives, war equipment of all kinds, but uniforms, shoes, barracks, roads, rolling stock, ships, not to mention hundreds of new factories and tons of new machinery erected for the making of synthetic oil, rubber, wool, gas and metals. These industries absorb so much labor and technical skill that the State is forced to reverse its earlier prohibition and open the doors of the factories to women.

Thus the regime introduces a marriage qualification instead of the old educational qualification and thereby lowers the standard of its civil service. At the same time it calls back to the industries to make guns the girls it drove back to the home to bear children. Evidently they must help to produce the cannon as well as the cannon fodder. All of which seems to prove that while Herr Hitler has his way in Germany, even he can't have it both ways.

Becoming a Novelist

From "Breaking into Print"

By Sinclair Lewis

Edited by Elmer Adler

ONE of the most curious questions about a writer, and one least often answered in biographies, is why he ever became a writer at all; why, instead of the active and friendly career of a doctor or a revolutionist or an engineer or an actor or an aviator, he should choose to sit alone year after year, making up fables or commenting on what other and livelier citizens actually do.

And how did a Harry Sinclair Lewis, son of an average doctor in a Midwestern prairie village, who never—but never!—heard at table any conversation except "Is Mrs. Harmon feeling any better?" and "Butter's gone up again"— a youth who till he was ready to enter university had never seen any professional writer except the local country editors—how came it that at eleven he had already decided to become a short-story writer and that at fourteen he sent off to *Harper's Magazine* what he believed to be a poem?

Anyway, cause or not, there was at eleven or earlier, the itch for scribbling. I must have been about ten when I regularly wrote a newspaper with the most strictly limited clientele in the world—myself. It had "departments" with not only a byline but a portrait of the department-editor.

By the time I had wriggled doubtfully into Yale, the itch was beyond prophylaxis. To writing, then, I devoted more eagerness than any study, any sport. During Yale I had my first acceptance by a real magazine—and it was critical, slightly scandalous, and, I can now see, inclined to make any number of worthy persons uncomfortable.

So 1920, and *Main Street* and the damned photographs, interviews, invitatations to lecture, nibbles (still resisted) from Hollywood, and all the rest of the clamor with which the world tries, inevitably, to keep a writer from his one

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Here's that man again!—
New York World-Telegram

job—which is writing. It has been a good job and, even when it has been rather sweaty and nerve-jangling, I have enjoyed it more than I would have enjoyed anything except pure research in a laboratory.

And as the recipe for writing, all writing, I remember no high-flown counsel but always and only Mary Heaton Vorse's jibe, delivered to a bunch of young and mostly incompetent hopefuls back in 1911: "The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair." As for the others, let them go to Hollywood or to the "Studios" of the N.B.C., and everything will be idealistic, and the literary caravan will march gaily on. (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) •

Drought in Morocco

From "Revue des Deux Mondes"
By M. De Lyée De Belleau

WHEN I asked for a permit to visit the recently subjected territories of France in Morocco, I immediately met with the objection:

"Don't you know there's famine in that region?"

So there was truth in those rumors. I was the more anxious to go. Packing my bags full of provisions I left for the South.

The tribes bordering on the Sahara are, unfortunately, well-used to misery, and flocks were dying last year in Southern Algeria and Tunis. But even the oldest inhabitants could not remember a drought comparable to that of 1937. It's the greatest disaster ever to strike French Morocco.

In Marrakech I found an overcrowded town.

For months pitiful groups filed along the burning trails. There were women in blue veils, carrying hungry children in their arms. Tired old men with little grey burros which bore their scant treasures; tents, carpets, teapots and large brass plates. Coming from the scorched South, they sought more prosperous regions. Food camps have been established along their road in order to stop the flow, but many still come to Marrakech in hope of finding work.

From Marrakech one glance is sufficient to show the cause of the drought. One of the charms of the place was the splendid view of the snow-tipped Atlas Mountains. Now this snow is all gone, cruelly deceiving those who thought it eternal.

When snow falls on the Atlas, rivers rapidly rise, sometimes over six feet. These freshets are necessary to the well-being of the land. In 1936, however, there was only one snow-fall over the Atlas, which melted long ago. This condition has been aggravated by partial droughts for the last three years. Consequently, many springs and streams have dried altogether, and the fields around them are too dry for planting.

Error in delivery: "Heavens! We have sent yellow fever to Spain and Spanish influenza to China."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

The growers have eaten their seed-grain and are letting their sheep go at ridiculous prices for lack of fodder.

Such is the drama that is being played on two-thirds of the territory of Morocco, reaching at least half the population.

General Noguès, Resident General, estimates that one hundred and twenty million francs are necessary to provide for the population and to buy grain for the Fall sowing. The Moroccan budget cannot provide such a sum. France herself must come to the assistance of her oversea subjects.

Bootleg Buses

From "Scribner's Magazine"
By Orla St. Clair

BOUND on a five-hundred-mile trip, and of necessity interested in cheap transportation, I went to the ticket office of a large bus company. Answering my complaint concerning cost, the ticket clerk, after a surreptitious glance around, leaned over the counter and whispered, "Go to the Astor Hotel and ask for Brown. He'll fix you up. Be sure to tell him I sent you."

When I asked the desk clerk at the Astor Hotel for Mr. Brown, he merely called out, "Travel," and turned away. A large blonde woman, sitting at a desk in the rear of the lobby, answered and, to my inquiry for Mr. Brown, replied that he was out of town. She informed me, however, that a sedan would be leaving that afternoon about five-thirty.

A pleasant young man called for me about quarter to six and conducted me to a small sedan in which there were two people. We were driven to a parking lot in the downtown area near the Astor Hotel. As I stood there wondering what would happen next, two men, carrying some luggage, shepherded two women and a man into the lot. The latest arrivals tied our baggage onto a large sedan and arranged us in the car. A tall, youthful-looking, gray-haired man, dressed in a nondescript driver's uniform, sauntered from the parking-station shack and slid into the driver's seat. He introduced himself as Sam.

Sam seemed interested in the road behind us and, as we turned into the main highway, he said, "The big bus companies try to keep us from operating, and if one of their spotters has trailed us, he will radio our number ahead to the state highway police. If a cop stops us, be sure to say that we are all friends going on a trip together."

We arrived at our destination about six-thirty in the morning, Sam cheerful but heavy-eyed with fatigue. I learned that he had been running regularly for three weeks, sleeping in the daytime and driving at night. He gave each of us a business card having on it an address and telephone number in several cities. As I turned away, I heard the

"Vacation, my eye!"
—Denver Post

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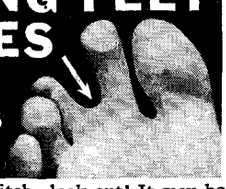
ITCHING FEET and TOES a Sign of Athlete's Foot



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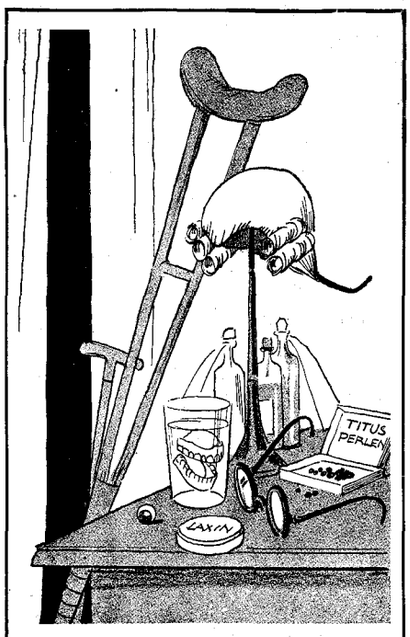
young woman in front say, "Drop me at the old stand, Sam."

Interested by the mystery, and interested in the public patronage of what was apparently an illegal business, I started to investigate the wildcat sedan industry. Almost all states have outlawed the wild catter and have, by statute, made him a criminal. The railroads and bus companies bend ceaseless efforts toward enforcing these laws, but in spite of them all, he flourishes like the green bay tree and defiantly makes his living on the public highways without obtaining a license and without paying taxes.

The connection between the wildcat industry and the true underworld is difficult to investigate. Best-informed opinion seems to be that the majority of wildcatters are engaged only in the transportation of passengers, but that a minority are engaged in crime. Wildcat sedans make excellent conveyances of bootleg liquor and stolen merchandise. Gun battles between wildcat travelers and unsuspecting traffic officers give proof that the wildcat sedans are a much-used means of transportation for the fleeing criminal.

But still they ride, those unlisted millions of Americans who support the wildcat industry. Thinking only in terms of cheap transportation, they remain indifferent to the possibility that the car may be "hot," that the driver may be smuggling dope, or that they may be riding in the company of escaping criminals. And as for defective tires or poor brakes, or a driver who is physically exhausted and carries not one cent of insurance—they mentally shrug their shoulders.

The accident is always going to happen to someone else.



Hush! The League of Nations sleeps.—*Kladderadatsch, Berlin*

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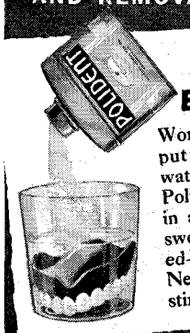

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SPORTS

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Most amazing is the growth achieved in amateur sport by the comparatively new game of softball. A take-off on the national pastime, baseball, it has caught the fancy of spectator and player until now it threatens to outrank its big brother in popularity.

The concentrated diamond—with its sixty-foot baselines, instead of baseball's ninety—makes it ideal for cities where space is at a premium. The large ball, 4 inches in diameter (instead of 3), and the bat with its maximum length of 34 inches (instead of 42), take the intensity out of the hit and lessen the chance of injury to the participant.

One of the major differences between soft and regulation baseball lies in the pitching. The hurler is only 40 feet from home plate, and all delivery is underhand. In baseball the pitcher is 60½ feet away. Preliminary to pitching, the moundsman must come to a full stop, facing the batter, both feet squarely on the ground and in contact with the pitcher's "rubber," the ball held in both hands in front of the body. He is permitted any windup he chooses, but in the final delivery the hand must be below the hip, and the wrist no farther from the body than the elbow, thus eliminating side-arm throwing.

It is surprising how a baseball player finds it difficult to solve the speed and deceptive curves that can be attained with this underhand method of throwing.

In Chicago last year Matt Ruppert, outstanding softball pitcher with the enviable record of more than one hundred no-hit games, took the field with only a catcher, in a game against a leading Negro semi-pro baseball team. Only one opponent got a hit, which naturally went for a home run as there were no fielders. This is attributed to the short distance between pitcher and batter and to the speed of the ball. The softball players, batting in regular order, won the game.

To strengthen defensive play, softball has added an additional player, known as the shortfielder, making ten men to a side. He can take any position excepting at home plate or in the pitcher's box, but generally he is stationed between second base and center field.

This, plus the fact that bunting is not permitted, and that the base runner must hold his bag until the ball has left the pitcher's hand, makes for fast, tight, interesting play.

Softball had its origin about twenty-five years ago in St. Paul and Minneapolis. The game was then known as "kitten" ball, because the spheres used (made by hand by a St. Paul fireman) carried the likeness of a kitten. Recreation directors emigrating to other parts of the country carried the softball bug with them. Florida was first to feel its sting, and with rapidity the game spread to the Pacific and the Atlantic. Minnesota, Florida, Texas, and New Jersey have progressed farthest to date.

It was not until four years ago, however, when the Amateur Softball Association of America was founded, that the game was publicized, leagues were formed, and organized competition was conducted. Now there is a yearly World Series, held in Chicago. Dates this year are September 10-13.

In 1936 there were seventy men's and women's teams entered, representing forty states and Canada, the largest team representation ever recorded in any American sport. These groups were winners of local competitions and victors from leagues and tourneys totalling approximately 50,000 teams. Kodak Park of Rochester, N. Y., with the aid of outstanding pitching by bespectacled Shifty Gears, won the men's championship. Lassies representing National Screw & Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, were victorious in the women's group.

Figures compiled by *Recreation,* organ of the National Recreation Association, and data supplied by W. P. A. workers and softball commissioners, attest the popularity and rapid growth of softball:

7,696 diamonds, in 806 cities.

10,144,252 participants in games in 434 cities last year.

770 new diamonds in 239 cities.

Based on a survey in the East, softball finds the majority of its players in the adult groups, among men and women whose years will not permit the more gruelling game of baseball. Its smaller diamond makes for less running around, and the outlawing of spikes minimizes the chance of injury, so that it is the ideal game for the working man.

You will find most of your games, therefore, played in the twilight or under arc lights, with a large percentage of teams representing industrial and commercial institutions.

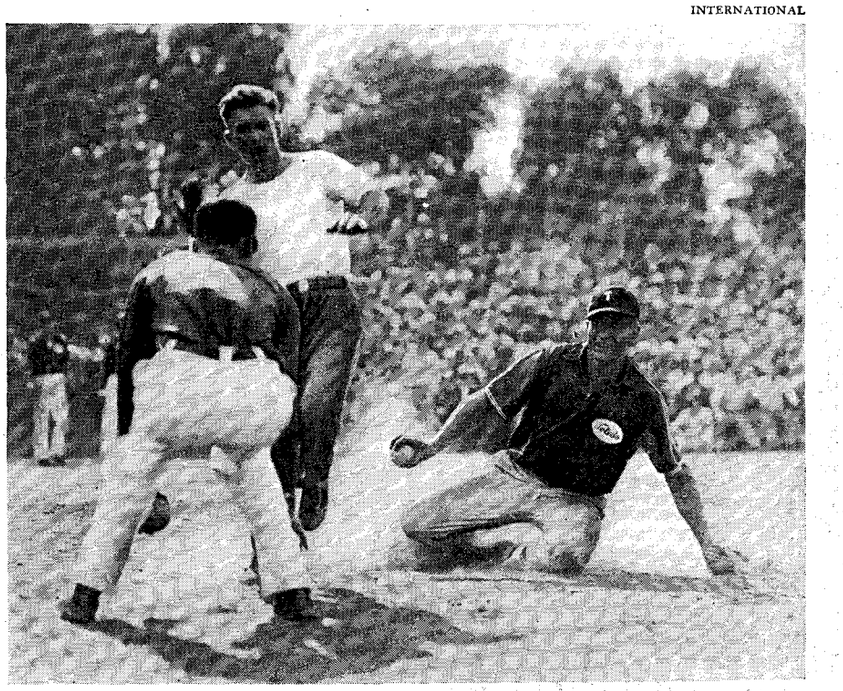
Baseball moguls, at first laudatory in their comments about the game, have been quiet lately. And well may they be. Philadelphia, in its first attempt at publicizing the game, organized more than one hundred and fifty teams for tournament play. With two last-place big-league ball clubs in that city one can see why softball is a delicate subject for the baseball magnate there.

Out in St. Louis, George Sisler, one-time big league ball player, has a chain of arc-lighted softball diamonds where during a season he outdraws the two local major league ball clubs.

Today the four-year-old Amateur Softball Association of America, affiliated with the A. A. U., is the largest amateur sport body in the world. Thousands of teams, in every state, are battling for the chance to compete in the World Series.

—*Raymond Gathrid*

INTERNATIONAL



IN SOFTBALL the ball is larger, the bat is shorter, the distance between bases is less. Thus the game is suited to smaller areas in congested industrial regions. Note the crowd of spectators

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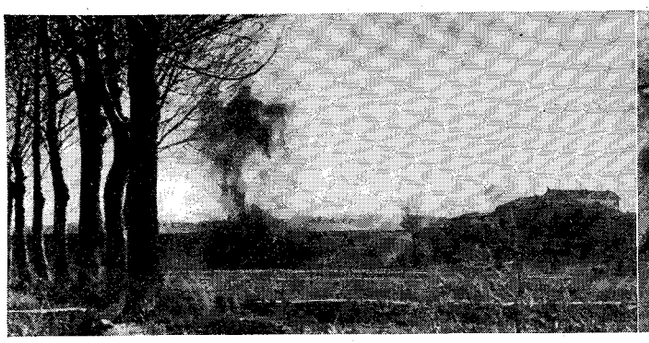
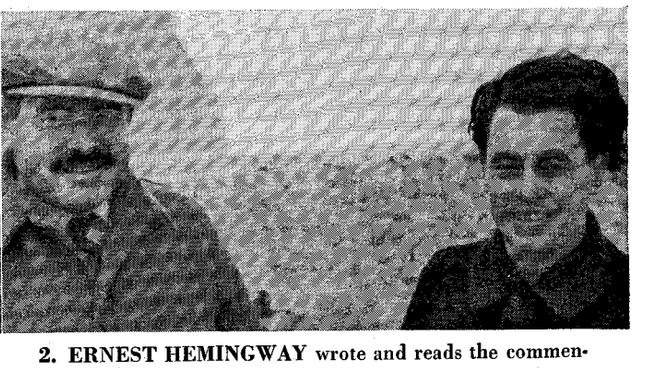
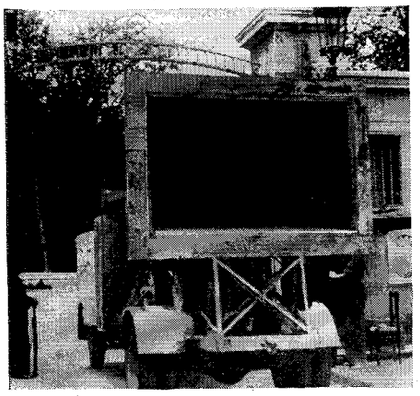


1. BOMBS burst all about, but Loyalist peasants indomitably carry on their irrigation project

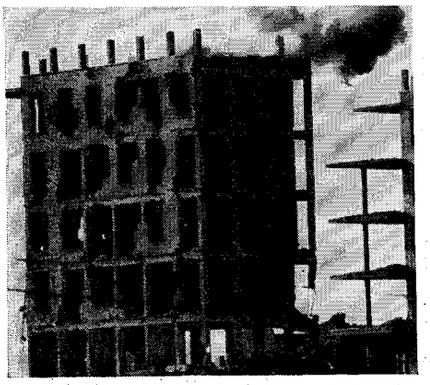


2. ERNEST HEMINGWAY wrote and reads the commentary; Joris Ivens, Dutch photographer, directed filming

MOVIE of the WEEK



3. LOYALIST loudspeakers rend the trenches with passionate propaganda and occasional bursts of latest American jazz



4. TYPICAL memento—this one was once part of Madrid's famed University City

The Spanish Earth

THE IMMENSE beauty, the serene, straightforward presentation, and the international significance of *The Spanish Earth* make it—in spite of its weaknesses—a film worth seeing.

Contemporary Historians, Inc., headed by Archibald MacLeish, John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, and Lillian Hellman, and passionately devoted to the cause of Spanish democracy, sent Joris Ivens, famed Dutch photographer, to film Loyalist peasant life in the Madrid sector.

He settled in Fuentaduena, a village on the Valencia-Madrid road forty kilometers from Madrid and front line fighting. His camera nosed out glimpses of peasant families at their daily tasks, then moved to the city to catch bombs bursting in the streets, soldiers firing from their barricades in ruined buildings, planes zooming dangerously over civilian crowds.

Many scenes sit so superbly in the frame of the screen that you will want to hang them on your walls. The composition of a man leading his dark donkey against a glaring white wall is particularly memorable.

Ivens constantly stresses the too seldom remembered purpose of the war. The government, he claims, is fighting the rebels for the right to give the whole people irrigated land to grow "melons, onions and tomatoes," not for the privilege of asserting abstract Marxist principles over Fascism.

The Spanish Earth in the last analysis, however, is a valiant failure. Pictorially it is too gentle. Hollywood war pictures have laid the gore on so thickly that it now takes an overdose of dynamite to stir our emotional stumps.

Since the film is frankly a Loyalist plea, it should have packed a tougher Loyalist punch. As it is, I doubt that the Catholic Church or any American Fascist group will boycott it. I also doubt that it will send many Loyalist supporters flying for their check books. It is notable for its artistic merit and its disclosure of everyday peasant life rather than for its message.—*Donita Ferguson.*

5. MADRID street scene: the man who didn't learn to run fast enough

ALSO—

Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)—Musical. Million-and-a-half dollar Technicolor extravaganza which will send Jaeckel & Sons, whose furs it displays with lavish constancy, into paroxyms of joy. Otherwise it will please fashion-loony women and admirers of Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter, Mischa Auer and Alan Mowbrey. There is supposed to be a plot: society girl and noted male dress designer with show business.

Dark Journey (London Films)—World War spy melodrama. Conrad Veidt and Vivien Leigh spy on each other between sighing over each other. The old theme has a new espionage twist: designs on latest Paris models are secret messages.

Confession (Warner)—Tragedy. Mother love as interpreted by Kay Francis, who saves her daughter from the big, black villain, Basil Rathbone.

Song of Ceylon (John Grierson)—Documentary. First prize winner at the Brussels Exposition for Cinematographic Art, it paints an artistic portrait of a beautiful country and its stylized people.

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BUSINESS

Autumn prospects

WITH THE passage of the Labor Day holiday, business will doff its vacation clothes, hitch up its working jeans, and get back on the job in earnest.

And as the Autumn season unfolds, prospects all told are bright, statistically speaking, for increased business. Toward the turn of last month, for instance, the New York Times index of business activity touched 111.2, the highest point since September 1929. Likewise, other indices of trade showed comfortable gains; electric power output reached 2,300,000,000 kilowatt hours the third week of August, an increase of 221,000,000 hours over a year ago; freight car loadings filled 781,247 cars compared with 735,476 during the third week in August 1936; iron and steel ingot production amounted to 4,556,596 tons in July, compared with 3,914,370 tons a year ago.

Psychologically speaking, business sentiment is good despite a slight case of nerves over the civil war in Spain and the undeclared international war in China. Fears of inflation have for the moment subsided. Farm prospects are bright. Industrial employment is at higher levels. Practically the one depressing element is the apathy of the stock market.

Easy money

WHEN FOUR months ago the Federal Reserve System, through its Board of Governors, hiked reserve requirements of member banks to the full legal limit of an average 20 per cent. it exercised to the hilt the second of its three credit controls to prevent a potential credit inflation. (Its first method of control is open market operations: purchases and sales of government securities).

Now the Board lowers the rediscount rates of four of its twelve Federal Reserve banks (in New York, for instance, from 1½ to 1 per cent, the lowest ever), thus bringing into play its final control weapon. But this time it does so to make credit easier to obtain.

To explain the paradox of the Board's present move to make money easy, whereas but four months ago it sought precisely the opposite, observers point to two factors: the demand for commercial loans and the Treasury's financing program.

During the coming months, business men and farmers will turn to commercial banks for money to finance their enterprises. Instead of borrowing from the Federal Reserve banks (through having their notes rediscounted) to obtain the needed money—which normally would be the case—the member banks would be prone to reduce their holdings of Government bonds to raise the funds. This would be a cheaper method for them to pursue. And as a matter of fact, for the past year they have done just that, to the tune of $1,800,000,000.

Thus, to forestall further liquidation of Government bonds, the Federal Reserve reduces its rediscount rates.

The reason why the Federal Reserve does not wish to see further dumping of government securities is the continued deficit financing the Treasury must engage in. On September 15, for instance, the Treasury will have to refinance $817,500,000 of its obligations then due through the sale of short-term securities.

Thus, behind all the financing maneuvering of the government money managers is the fact that, in the fifth year of recovery, the budget is yet unbalanced, together with the added fact that the federal deficit has crossed the $37,000,000,000 mark—the highest in the country's history.

For smokers

AMERICANS are smoking more cigarettes but puffing away at fewer cigars and less pipe tobacco, chewing less cud, and sniffing less snuff.

Based on Bureau of Internal Revenue July tax receipts (latest figures available), cigarettes produced during that month totalled 15,290,072,227—the highest peak in any month of cigarette history and 3 per cent better than a year ago July.

This means that 353,937 cigarettes are consumed every minute.

For cigarette producers, in particular for the Big Four among cigarette companies—American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike), R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Camel), Liggett and Myers Tobacco Co. (Chesterfield), and P. Lorillard Company (Old Gold)—who together produce 83 per cent of the country's cigarette output, it means increased business.

Cigar production in July declined for the first time in a year and a half, decreasing 1.2 per cent from a year ago. Likewise smoking and chewing tobacco continued to fall off for the third successive month, with a 5 per cent decline from a year ago. Strangest of all, the manufacture of snuff (usually the most stable of all tobacco products) declined for the seventh consecutive month.

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Lindbergh, the unknown

WORD IS that Charles A. Lindbergh, seeking proximity to Dr. Alexis Carrel's present European laboratory, may buy a Breton islet. This rumor may not be true, but it reminds us that neither of these two bioscientists is a dilettante. So, knowing something of their previous endeavors, we may chart interesting possibilities.

For outstanding achievement in experimental medicine, particularly in the maintenance of tissues and organs alive outside the body, and in the transplantation of organs from one body to another, Carrel won a Nobel award 25 years ago next month. His technique has given immortal fame and immortal life to a bit of chick's heart tissue. Today these cells live on, with vitality undiminished after nearly a third of a century—and should be quick as long as our civilization. Today a wealthy man, if he is so minded, can provide for the immortality of whole sections of his corporeal self—sections to be cultured ages after his soul has fled.

Till 1935, however, a definite obstacle prevented any lengthy experimentation upon an entire living organ, such as a kidney, after removal from the body. The adept, including Carrel, were sure of the fluid (real or artificial blood) needed to keep healthily alive the organ's complex group of tissues. They could briefly perfuse the tissues with this vital fluid by yoking a pump, or artificial heart, to a blood vessel ramifying through the organ. Yet the blood vessel would bulge and quickly sag under the pump's pressure. The fluid would not flow properly. The organ would die.

Meantime, Lindbergh, guided by Dr. Carrel, was secretly turning bioscientist. Then, in June, 1935, the *Journal of Experimental Medicine,* official publication of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, set forth a modest report by these two men-against-death describing a new pump, or perfusion device: the "Lindbergh heart." The obstacle had been surmounted.

This artificial heart produces not merely a forceful stream down the center of the blood vessel, but also *a gentle eddy* close along the artery's inner wall. Thus, by this gentle eddy, the artery is itself fed, as it cannot be by the racing stream. And it is protected against the full surge of the fluid. No longer does the vessel bulge or sag. The organ lives on. Lengthy, highly meaningful experimentation is made possible.

No dilettante, Carrel has aimed his entire career at stretching the span of human life. No dilettante, Lindbergh, preëminent aviator still, comes to work with Carrel and helps to effect a major advance in medical research. Possibly the chart of their projected course is a further flight into the chaos of senescence and death. More specifically, into the realm of organ-culture, perhaps even organ-growth.

Earth unexplored

THOUGH Lindbergh may now search mainly among creation's loftiest mystifications—those of live plasm—a thrilling hint from one of his earlier adventures should not be hid by new aspirations and possible new discoveries.

Today men sigh, even as in Columbus' day, that Earth is explored, only little places remaining untrod, little in mystery and in significance. Venturous youth, to pioneer in novel realms, can but grow pale and spectre-thin, shut in with fumes of test tubes. The highly organized laboratory world alone now holds the promise which was once that of the whole broad globe's expanse.

Yet Lindberg's good-will flight to South America was the longer and the more dangerous because he tarried to photograph lost cities unknown to archeology. Later, French airmen, traversing the Sahara, wondered at lost but populous desert-cultures, still untouched by explorers—because of the region's impenetrability and warlike defenders. And Byrd has enhanced the lure of the Antarctic, once tropical, hence now rich in coal. Russians spent over a year floating on ice-cakes over the North Pole, and distract attention from their other penetration—into Siberia's frozen steppes.

The Amazon forests, with their insect-hordes, can yet swallow thousands like Fawcett, lost since 1925, whom only rumor keeps alive. The Guianas; Congo's expansive dankness, teeming with parasites of sleeping sickness; West Australian wastes, Mongolia's inner desolation, Greenland, Baffinland—all these land-surfaces, too, are replete with untrod areas.

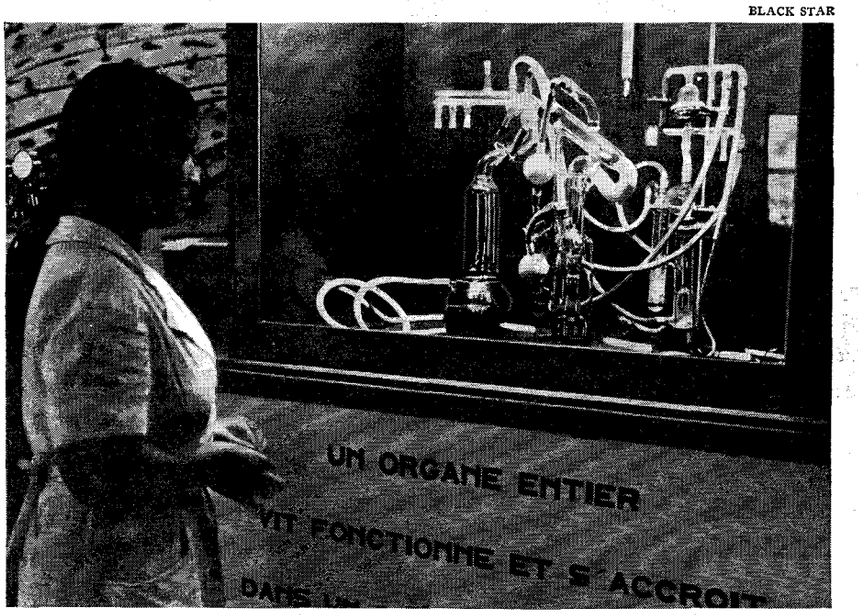
But these are surfaces merely—with mere scratches. Miners do not descend as much as 1¾ miles in Rhodesia's deepest boring. Oil-seekers' longest tools probe inward a bare 2 miles. The other side of Earth is 8000 miles away.

Into the sea-depths Beebe within his bathysphere goes ½ mile down. In certain depths the ocean floor is 7 miles, and more, below. Is the fabled continent of Atlantis real? Six thousand fathoms down, through what drowned civilizations, over what radium-veins, do bottom-bred monsters glide? Three-quarters of our planet entombs such cold, unlit secrets.

Above, Piccard balloons, breaking all records. Two Russians perish breaking his. But the stratosphere-record is scarcely more than a dozen miles, while the atmosphere itself towers 400 miles, perhaps 700. And many a queer stratum is aloft —radio-reflecting layers, Aristotle's predicted layer of heat, and that happy layer of ozone atop of all, which turns solar death-rays into beams warm with vital impulse.

We walk an earth unexplored.

BLACK STAR



ARTIFICIAL HEART constructed by Charles A. Lindbergh and Dr. Alexis Carrel. It permits organs to be kept alive outside the body

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The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

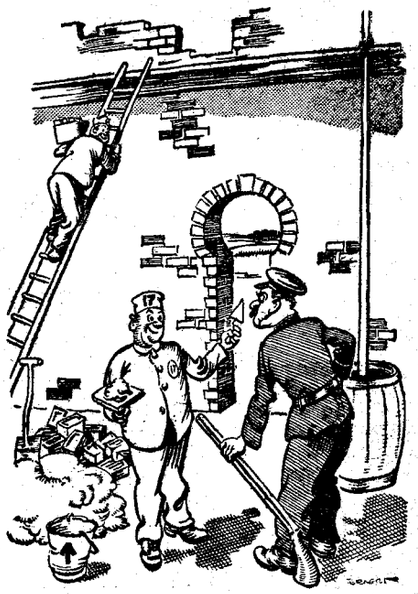
Police Note—The two policemen sat in their radio car and listened to the announcer's tense command.

"Calling Car 13. Calling Car 13. Go to 19 Louis Benito Boulevard. A man is fighting with his wife. Take away the shoe he's hitting her with."

"Gosh!" murmured the first cop. "That's awful!"

"What?" asked his partner. "A man hitting his wife with a shoe?"

"Naw," snorted the first bluecoat. "The announcer ended a sentence with a preposition." — *Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*



"I thought you'd like that, just to break the line."
—Sunday Pictorial, London

Piety — A young flying officer, stationed somewhere in Egypt, while flying near the great Pyramids, carrying out exercises in navigation, and working with a sextant to discover his exact postion, suddenly turned to the pilot and said: "Take off your hat!"

"Why?" asked the pilot.

"Because according to my calculations, we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."—*Montreal Herald.*

Pronunciation—A show, "Cavalcade," was being put on. A foreigner who was having difficulty in pronouncing English gave up when he read in a morning newspaper—"Cavalcade pronounced success."—*Tid-Bits (London.)*

On Edge—"What's wrong, Henry?" asked his wife.

"My razor," boomed the voice within the bathroom. "It doesn't cut at all."

"Don't be silly. Your beard can't be tougher than linoleum."—*Boys' Life.*

Poor Aim—"Melvin! MeLVIN!"

"What, ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, ma, but I'm comin' pretty close."—*University of Southern California Pelican.*

Further Orders—*Boss*: "What do you want?"

Clerk: "May I use your 'phone? My wife told me to ask you for a salary increase, but she forgot to tell me how much."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Ever Thus—A young man walked up to one of the clerks at the employment exchange. "Is this where you pay out eternity benefit?" he asked.

"My good fellow, I presume you mean maternity benefit, do you not?"

"No, I mean eternity benefit."

"Do you know that eternity means the hereafter?"

"That's right. I'm here after it, ain't I?"—*Tit-Bits (London.)*

Big Noise—"John's in the fireworks manufacturing business now."

"How's he getting on?"

"So far, all the reports are favorable."—*Toronto Globe.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

David Lloyd George: "The doctrine of a Scrap of Paper is paramount in Europe today."

James Thurber: "All the little children of Paris play with toy pistols, but they don't play cops and robbers—they play editors and politicians."

Chiang Kai-shek: "Even if our troops suffer great reverses, we should be determined to perish with the State and never would we compromise or surrender."

Tito Schipa: "I am an artist. I am not a politician and never took any interest in politics."

Fannie Hurst: "I have found no peace anywhere. It is a troubled world."

Charley Michelson: "This business of political press agentry is neither inspirational nor deeply subtle. It is wholly opportunistic."

Fritz Reiner: "Competition is the life of industry; just as truly is it the mainspring of artistic endeavor."

William Allen White: "It seems to me the wisest article in the United States Constitution is the provision against titles of nobility."

David Sarnoff: "The old world which we knew so well in the generation before the war is changing rapidly into a new world."

Hotel Keeper: "Here are a few views of our hotel for you to take with you, sir." "Thanks, but I have my own views of your hotel."—*Holite Humour, London*

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Test *Yourself* for Promotion!

Here's a sure way to find out Your Fitness to Get Ahead—to

EARN MORE!...

DO this: Take a good look at the man one step ahead of you in business. Analyze him! Analyze his work—coldly, impartially, with no personal likes or dislikes—analyze what the work itself is—and just what it's really worth to your firm.

Now would you like to know how long it is likely to be before *you* get a chance at such a job? How long before *you* are likely to enjoy *his* income? All right—sit down and . . .

- Imagine going to business tomorrow, much as usual. But imagine, just for once, that *you* are that man in the job ahead! You come in, say good-morning, and sit down at "your" desk—the desk, remember, that until today has always been *his* desk.
- Now you start to go through your mail. Can you *clearly* picture just what sort of mail it is? Do you know pretty well what *sort* of mail is to be found on this particular desk each morning? Do you know what to do with *each* piece of it—which other departments, other firms, other individuals are involved? Do you know what *action* should be taken by you and what matters should be referred to others—by memorandum, by telephone, or in person?
- Now you have finished with your mail. What is your *next* move? Do you *know?* Can you *see* yourself doing—and doing well—the exact job which is crying most for attention at the moment? Can you clearly see just *what* that job is, *how* you would go about doing it, *who* would be involved with you as advisors or assistants, and just *what result* you could accomplish and for *how much* money?
- All right, supposing you have done that job or got it satisfactorily started. What is going to be your next task for the day? Can you see that one, too—clearly, in *all* its details, with *all* that it involves in the way of benefits, dangers, hidden pitfalls, ultimate profits?
- Go on through your day mentally and be sure that you don't give yourself too much the best of it. Spend half an hour, if necessary, picturing your full working-day and all its details.
- Now stop and figure up: How did you handle your mail—your first job—your second job—your third job? Honestly, down in the bottom of your heart, did you do *every* one of those jobs as well as the real owner of that desk? Did you do them less well? Did you do them better? In short, *was your day's work likely to have been just as profitable to your firm as his is every day?*

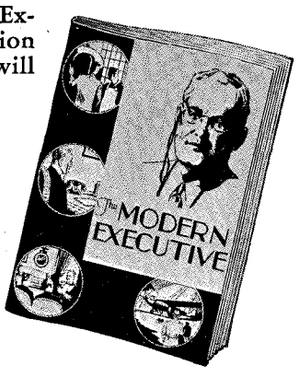
If you can honestly answer "yes"—you are on your way to promotion—it's just a question of time. But if your answer is "no"—isn't it high time that you *did* something about it?

After You Have Tested Investigate—and Act

Thousands of men *just like you* have consciously or unconsciously made this very test. And, regardless of whether the answer was "yes" or "no," they have taken steps to remedy the existing situation—to speed up promotion if they are qualified for it, and to make sure they are qualified if they find they now aren't. During the past few years hundreds of such men have won their promotions with the help of the soundest general business training that a man can put behind himself today—the fascinating, success-making LaSalle training in Executive Management.

LaSalle Executive Management training is the answer to the question of promotion for many men each year. It teaches them to know their own jobs better and also the jobs of the men ahead—right up to the top of the business. There is no angle of a business that isn't thoroughly covered—in a practical, usable, interesting way. It's exactly what its name indicates—a thorough, complete executive training for men already executives who wish to climb higher and for potential executives.

Why merely *hope* that when promotion day comes, you will be promoted? Why not *invest* in your own future—the most profitable investment a man can make—one that no boom or depression can take away from you? Make it your business to find out *today* what LaSalle Executive Management has meant to other men and can mean to *you!* Let us send you our intensely interesting booklet: "The Modern Executive." There is no obligation whatever and the coupon will bring it immediately.



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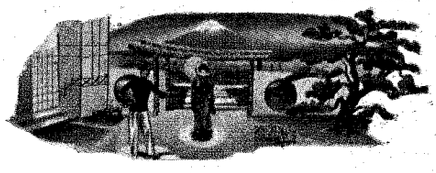
Richard Crooks

says: "Luckies are gentle on my throat"



"*The rôle of* LIEUT. PINKERTON *in 'Madame Butterfly' is the only part in opera where the tenor smokes a cigarette on the stage. As I sing the aria, 'Amore O Grillo', I smoke—and it's always a Lucky. You see, I discovered long ago that Luckies are a light smoke—gentle on my throat—and my throat is naturally my first concern. I have smoked about a pack of Luckies a day ever since* 1920."

Richard Crooks

STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA AND RADIO

MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO SMOKE LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Richard Crooks' preference for Luckies is borne out by the verdict of independent tobacco experts... men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Sworn records open to the public show that among these independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who know tobacco best...

it's Luckies—2 to 1

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A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

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